NEW MASSES

JANUARY 12, 1943 15c in Canada 20c

THE WAR'S NEW DEMANDS

BY COLONEL T.

WHAT ABOUT PRODUCTION?

A SYMPOSIUM

ERNEST M. PATTERSON
Prof. of Economics
University of Pennsylvania

JOHN BEECHER
New York Regional Director, FEPC

JAMES LUSTIG
Organizer, District Four UERMWA (CIO)

SHOOT HESS NOW! REP. EMANUEL CELLER

Also in this issue: *Ruth McKenney, Anna Rochester, Joseph Starobin, Samuel Sillen, Joseph North, William Gropper.*

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

NM ON THE AIR

We hope you were one of the many New Yorkers who heard our first broadcast on WQXR last Sunday. *Words Are Bullets* is its title, and Alvah Bessie writes and narrates it. Perhaps we're immodest, but we got a terrific kick out of it, and if you weren't listening, we hope you will this Sunday and every one thereafter—at 12:45 PM.

The business of radio time, as you know, is expensive. But we rarely felt more justified in the expenditure of money than we did last Sunday. Reasons? It was good to hear the voice of NEW MASSES coming out of the loudspeaker; it was good to know that thousands of New Yorkers who never heard of us will now find out what we stand for and get their appetites whetted for what the magazine has to offer. So the money, which comes out of our very limited budget, was well spent, we feel.

For his first broadcast, Alvah chose two feature stories from last week's issue—Richard O. Boyer's *The Greatest Ship in the World* —and Colonel T.'s *The Great Soviet Trap.* The story of Captain Hugh Mulzac, who captains "the greatest ship," we found tremendously moving. The story of the great offensive before Stalingrad has its relation to the "greatest ship"; and both are related to United Nations unity—as Alvah made clear.

"In America today," he said, "we are forging the kind of unity that exists on Captain Mulzac's ship; that existed in Spain; that exists on the Eastern Front. . . . Captain Mulzac had to wait for twenty-four years to use his master's license. *We* cannot afford to wait *one* year to enlist all the talent and strength we so richly possess. We must gather our leadership, our ideals, our forces under the common banner of one consuming purpose—the absolute destruction of Hitlerism everywhere in the world; the absolute achievement of freedom for all men. . . ."

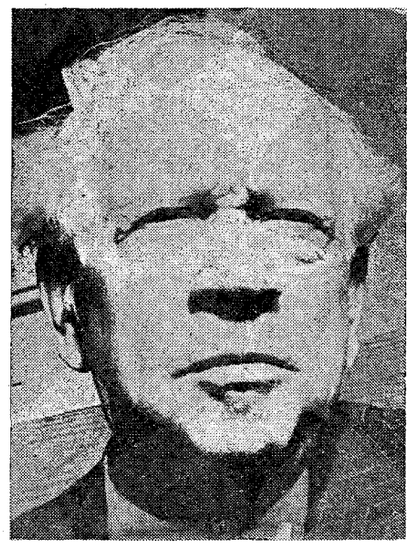
The telephone calls, the letters that have come in testify amply to the interest New Yorkers have in hearing such a program. So remember—every Sunday this year, on WQXR, at 12:45 PM, NEW MASSES presents *Words Are Bullets.*

ART YOUNG

"Grand old man" is a phrase that doesn't entirely apply to America's greatest satirical cartoonist, Art Young: "grand *young* man" is the proper title. For Art is ageless and he'll be alive and kicking when many a younger man is dead and gone. And the man was born in 1866, one year after the Civil War ended.

As a youngster Art was literally a precursor of the camera. He recorded events with his trenchant drawing-pen long before cameras were in common use as instruments for recording history. And what he saw molded the young man into the temper he has maintained ever since—a crusading and never-to-be-appeased friend of the people.

So it was only natural that Art should be drawing pictures for this magazine before many of us were out of our knee-pants or our pinafores. He drew for this magazine when it first started under the title *The Masses.* He drew for it when it was called the *Liberator,* and he's drawing for it today.



In his seventy-sixth year today, Art makes his perennial position on this magazine formal by "joining" its board of contributing editors, even though it's relatively impossible to join a board of which he's been a member for a score of years.

Art ended his famous autobiography—*Art Young, His Life and Times*—with the words: "Inadequately though it may sum up, if my work can mortise into such a future (. . . with more and more governments . . . dedicated to industrial democracy and universal brotherhood) whether near or remote, as I believe it will—that thought is consolation and payment. When my time comes I'll lay down my pencil and call it a day." May Art live to see that day—without laying down his pencil.

FROM THE USSR

A cabled New Year's greeting arrived just too late for publication on this page last week, but we are proud to publish it now: "Joseph North, editor, NEW MASSES: *International Literature,* Russian edition, sends you warmest New Year's greetings. Am certain the forthcoming year brings victory for the United Nations over fascism." The cable is signed by Boris Sutchkoff, editor.

★

The second of NM's three forums on *Victory—and After* will be held at the Hotel Claridge on Sunday, January 17, 2:30 PM. For further details see page 29.

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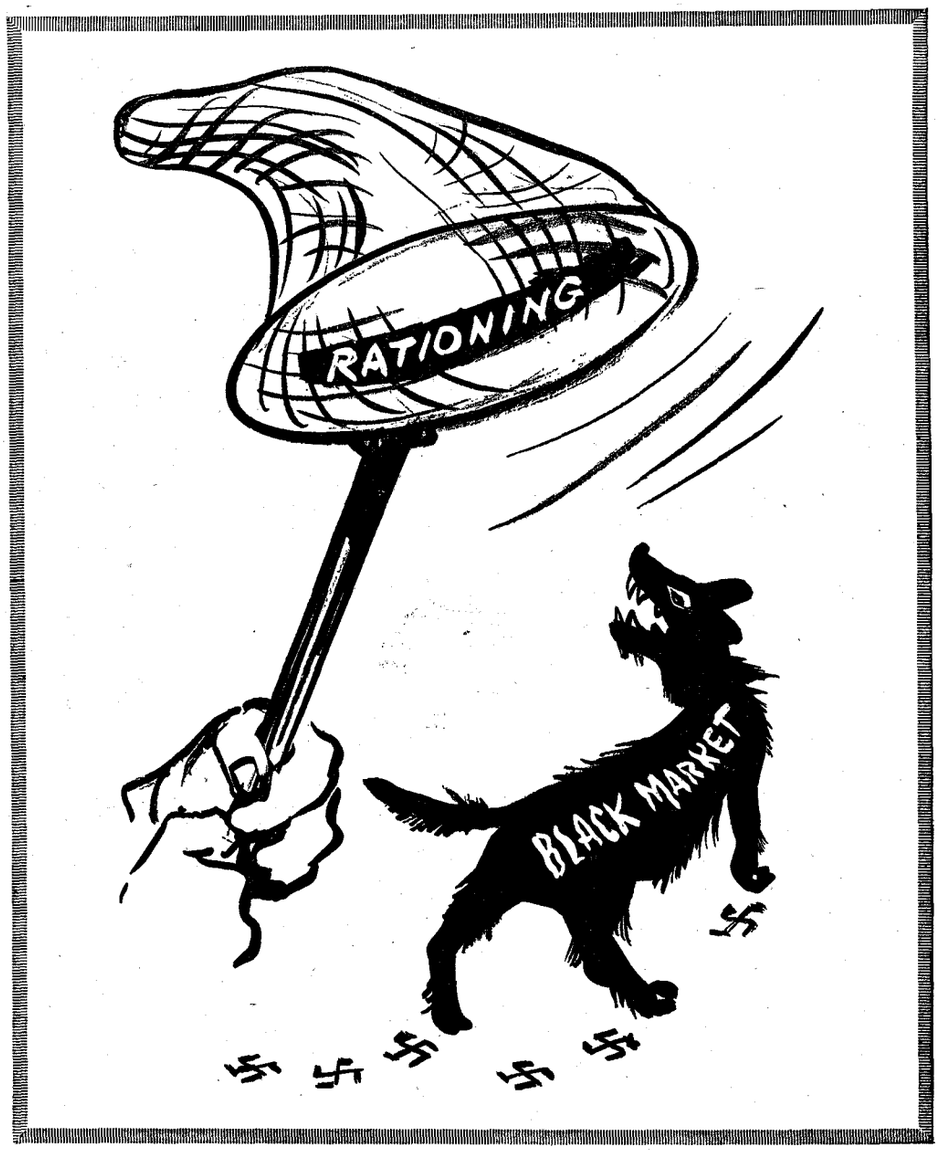
NM SPOTLIGHT

Musts for 1943

As the new year thundered over the world, with the United Nations holding the initiative on all fronts, messages came from Adolph Hitler and from President Roosevelt. Two years ago Hitler promised that "1941 will bring consummation of the greatest victory in our history." Last year, though his troops were being pushed back on the Soviet front, he still dared to promise the destruction of the Red Army. In 1943, with his army in flight on a half-a-dozen sectors of the vast Soviet front and with an Allied invasion looming from Africa, Hitler merely promises—that this year will be no worse than last year. If this pledge is fulfilled on the same scale as the others, we can expect to finish him in 1943.

A different kind of message came from President Roosevelt. Together with other American leaders he joined in observing the first anniversary of the United Nations pact. This pact, which binds together in the war against the Axis twenty-nine nations—"the mightiest coalition in history"—has, as the President put it, "borne rich fruit. The United Nations are passing from the defensive to the offensive." And he outlined a three-fold task: pressing on with the war, organizing relations among nations in order to prevent future aggression, and establishing international cooperation to make possible the enjoyment of the fruits of civilization in peace and freedom. And at a press conference Mr. Roosevelt declared that the most important war objective "is to maintain peace."



As we move forward in the war, the peace more and more begins to occupy the thoughts of men and women in all countries. Vice-President Wallace's speech of December 28 was primarily concerned with that problem. But if we are realistic, we must recognize that we cannot lay the foundations of a just peace except by building them now as part of the process of winning the war. Wendell Willkie's great service has been his insistence on beginning to do now the things we want to achieve in the peace. And never has he argued the point with greater cogency than in his broadcast on the first anniversary of the United Nations pact. Mr. Willkie particularly urged that the United Nations be developed into a more closely knit body as a means of winning the war and assuring continued cooperation in the peace. "What we need," he said, "is not the hope of a grand council after the war. What we need is a council today of the United Nations—not a paper council but an actual working council. . . . We must have a council of grand military strategy on which all nations that are bearing the brunt of the fighting are represented." Certainly Mr. Willkie's proposal corresponds to the present and future interests of the United States and of all the United Nations.

What Mr. Wallace Wants

Vice-President Wallace in his December 28 speech opened the vista of a postwar world organized to maintain peace and security. Without minimizing the importance of our concentrating on the immediate job of winning a military victory, he said: "We can begin now to think about some of the guiding principles of this worldwide new democracy we of the United Nations hope to build."

The Vice-President envisages a new world organization growing out of the wartime alliance of the United Nations. In this he is in agreement with Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, who has advanced the idea that the United Nations can become the foundation of the new world organization after the war. Mr. Wallace looks to an international system of arbitration and justice, to the surrender of certain aspects of national sovereignty which contribute to war. He avoids the unrealistic utopianism of much of the cur-

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rent thinking on postwar questions. He rightly points to the impossibility of working out the details of a future world organization at this time and limits himself to a very general picture in which, he believes, the United States will be "willing to assume a responsibility proportionate to her strength."

Of special significance is Mr. Wallace's recognition of the domestic economic aspects of postwar security. His suggestion that "Congress should formally recognize the maintenance of full employment as a declared national policy" is the most realistic kind of statemanship. The heart of the problem is to organize production for peace at a level commensurate with that achieved by production for war. And this can no more be done by business as usual methods than can the expansion of war output.

WE WISH Mr. Wallace had linked the establishment of a secure postwar world much more specifically with immediate war policy. The danger of an isolationist relapse after the war, for example, comes from the same defeatist forces that are obstructing the fight for victory. Westbrook Pegler, in a column attacking the Vice-President's speech, quite openly came out for isolation after the war. To deprive these forces of all power for evil after the war we must rout them today—and this is far from having been done. And any program of postwar collaboration will find its strongest supporters in the labor movement. To give labor greater responsibility in our war program today, therefore, not only speeds victory, but provides the best insurance against suicidal isolation and international conflict in the peace.

The White Paper

AMERICANS can learn a great deal by proper study of the White Paper just published by the State Department. Although we do not yet have the text of the document, enough has appeared about it in the press to form some general conclusions. Secretary Hull, in his preface, underscores a basic point which was the bone of contention for years: namely, that the Axis powers, which dubbed themselves anti-Comintern, had a global policy—a policy to divide and conquer *all* nations of the world by force. Hence, the policy advocated by anti-fascists here and by the Soviet Union steadily in the past number of years—that of collective security, of *United Nations*—was, and is, an absolute essential to forestall the plans of the enemy.

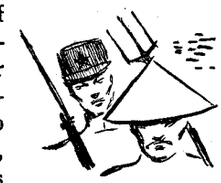
The White Paper covers the years 1931-1941. It describes the steady march of aggression and indicates the policies our government followed during that fateful period. The duplicity of the Japanese warlords is there, their connivance with Hitler and Mussolini is clear. Secretary Hull wrote that the record shows "throughout this period our government consistently advocated, practiced, and urged upon other countries principles of international conduct on the basis of which the nations of the world could attain security, confidence, and progress."

HIGHWATER mark of this policy was the President's famous "quarantine the aggressors" speech he made in Chicago in 1937. That speech reflected the will of the great majority in our country. The tragedy of the whole business lies in the fact that the policies enunciated in that address never fully materialized: under the pressure of appeaser-isolationist elements in the country these policies did not mature, before the war, into the combination of all anti-Hitler states for collective security. The fact is that during this period our government did embargo republican Spain, did continue to ship war materials to Japan while affording little aid to China, and for a time did pursue a hostile policy toward the Soviet Union. Vestiges of these harmful aspects of our foreign policy continue in such actions as the Darlan deal, the continued appeasement of Franco. We hope that study of the White Paper will make these evils apparent to our people.

ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK, in commenting on the document, in the New York *Times,* says "It was a decade of diplomatic failure." Insofar as collective security did not materialize before the war, she is right. And she hits the nail on the head when she says that no one can "ever again delude himself that there was any escape from war or can be in the future except under a system of organized and enforced law." That organization and that enforcement is the obligation of the United Nations; and that concept must become the death-knell of the defeatists who are today actively conspiring to befuddle the American people, to distort the lessons of the past as indicated in the White Paper's analysis of Axis global strategy. These lessons should make it impossible for the defeatists to succeed in their program of splitting the United Nations by casting suspicion upon one or another leading member of the Allies.

The government should follow up the publication of this paper with an incessant campaign of anti-Axis enlightenment. It is necessary, too, for labor and all progressives to organize to help the government succeed in its policy of United Nations. That should be the purpose of the White Paper; it can be a powerful instrument if its lessons are truly learned.

China Needs Aid



THE recall of Lieut. Gen. Hsiung Shih-Fei, leader of the Chinese military commission to the United States, and of most of his colleagues, poses some crucial problems that cannot wait on time. The desperate plea from Chungking for more planes and other war materials voiced again a few days later was further indication that China is not yet an integral part of the United Nations machinery responsible for military and political decisions and charged with the allocation of war supplies.

These events followed numerous others during the past months which reveal serious Chinese dissatisfaction with the way things are going. One must assume that the Chinese are not participating in the decisions that are being made and that they are now provided with no way of doing so. Why else would their responsible government leaders find it necessary to issue, publicly, appeals and even protests?

NEW MASSES has consistently taken the position that the opening of a second front in Europe was the all-important first task for defeating the Axis. We welcomed the North African campaign as the harbinger of that second front. But only as the harbinger—the second front in Europe itself must be hastened now more than ever. We have, however, simultaneously pointed out that the exigencies of global war did not permit the letting down of our heroic Chinese ally, either militarily or politically. At the same time that we bent our major effort to the early destruction of Hitler we have urged that Japan must be held, her instruments of war constantly attacked and destroyed, and that China be enabled to carry the central load of this action. At the same time China must be aided to prepare for the eventual full scale counter-offensive that will smash Japan's military machine. An essential part of this job was, and remains, to bring China into the full confidence of the United Nations.

THIS is not the policy which has been carried out. American forces have done a magnificent job against the Japanese at Midway, in the Solomons, and now in New Guinea. But we have not provided China with anything more than the tokens of military aid. The question remains, if we can physically and geographically provide tokens, why cannot we send those few score airplanes that would make so much difference? Nor have we taken China into our confidence. Last week we pointed out that the Combined Chiefs of Staff and all the subsidiary material allocation organizations were Anglo-American,

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that even on the Asiatic mainland we depended more on our American representatives than on Chiang Kai-shek and the members of his staff who are nominally in command of all land forces there. We are confident that Chinese leadership approves of the grand strategy of concentrating first against Hitler and we are convinced that there would be no misunderstanding on that score *if China were an integral part of the body that made that decision.* Certainly if China took her equal place in the policy- and decision-making bodies, the chances of her ability to present her case for immediate aid and her chances of securing a favorable response would be greatly enhanced.

North African Enigma

SECRECY still shrouds the North Africa political situation. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that secrecy still shrouds anything good about that situation, for we continue to get extensive reports of the growing power and activity of the Vichymen composing the Imperial Council on which General Giraud's position is dependent. The week has brought news that General de Gaulle has demanded the elimination of these Vichyites as a condition of joining forces with Giraud. And we learn that Giraud may have replied that he is willing to enter into conversations with de Gaullists. But nothing substantial of an encouraging nature has come from Washington or from North Africa itself.

Indeed the report is now current that Darlan was assassinated by a French Royalist. One wonders why this has been kept secret. Can it be that General Giraud and perhaps certain of his American sponsors wish to avoid breaking relations with the Royalists? In any event the American people and our allies are entitled to be told in clear and positive terms exactly what it is we are trying to accomplish in North Africa by the continuation of this fuzzy, apparently makeshift diplomacy.

All the peoples of the United Nations want to see a quick military victory over the German-Italian forces pocketed in Tunisia and northwestern Libya. They want to proceed immediately to full-scale invasion of the continent. This entire undertaking must be done in such a way that it prepares the ground favorably for the second front on the continent. It must be done in such a way as to arouse the highest confidence among the millions of anti-fascists in the countries now overrun by the fascists. North Africa is our supreme political testing ground. We shall be fighting wastefully and endlessly if we depend on Royalists, on Vichyites, and those other political opportunists who are first and foremost against the people.

Whom Dies Shields

VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE once pointed out that Martin Dies has done a better job for Hitler in this country than any Nazi could possibly do. To do an even better job in 1943, Dies is about to ask Congress for more money. And he has already put on a mask six inches thick. His committee report claims that we all ought to get down on our knees and thank him for his "anti-Axis" successes, a typical Dies euphemism for "anti-American" successes.

The mask was ripped off last week by a member of Dies' own committee, Representative Voorhis of California. Mr. Voorhis' own record is nothing to brag about. He has strung along with Dies in the past. Even now he seems annoyed mainly because he was not consulted by his chairman. Nevertheless, Voorhis does reveal—though this is not altogether news—that Dies has deliberately suppressed information concerning fascist activities in the United States. Dies' answer is painfully lame. He does not deny that he has been protecting our enemies. He justifies it. The testimony was too "extreme and fanatical," he says.

ACCORDING to Dies it is not extreme or fanatical to use the testimony of blackguards and stoolpigeons and saboteurs to defame President Roosevelt and leading members of the administration like Wallace and Henderson. Nor to spread lies and slanders calculated to disrupt American-Soviet relations. Nor to do anything else that is worth a dozen divisions to Hitler. The only thing that is *verboten* in Dies' ethical code is the exposure of Bundists, Christian Fronters, America Firsters, and all other anti-American elements.

We may be sure that the people whom Dies is shielding are going to put up a stiff fight to get more money for him. Not to oppose them with everything we've got is to throw hand grenades at our own fighting men, our own sons and brothers and husbands at the front.

York, Louisville *Times*

Dusting Off an Old Slogan

Coakey, Washington *Post*

The Russians—"Pardon Our Elbow!"

Hutton, Philadelphia *Inquirer*

This Big Hog Went to Market

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Biddle Bungles On

THE sinister persecution of Michigan State Sen. Stanley Nowak is of a piece with the other indications we have had of reactionary resurgence in our country. The Department of Justice's "case" against him is, on the face of it, fully as flimsy as the "case" pending against Harry Bridges.

Senator Nowak applied for citizenship in 1937 and received it. Exactly five days before any possible imputation of fraud could have been charged against him, he was arrested under orders of Attorney General Biddle, and indicted for "perjury" on the ground that he falsely swore he was "not a disbeliever in organized government." Mr. Biddle says Nowak was a member of the Communist Party and that the Communist Party "disbelieves" in organized government.

It is pointless at this late date to call to Mr. Biddle's attention the obvious facts that the Communist Party is a strong "believer" in organized government, or that the Communist Party is a legal party in the United States of America. Mr. Biddle has, on his own responsibility, decided otherwise. But it is very much to the point to call Mr. Biddle's attention to the fact that Stanley Nowak is an outstanding leader of the foreign-born in his state, and is tireless in organizing their support for our war. Moreover, he is a distinguished labor leader in the state of Michigan. And he has so greatly gained the confidence of his constituents that he has been three times elected to his legislative post.

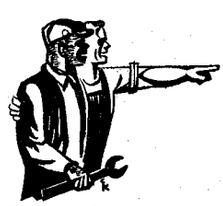
It is significant that the offices of the President and the Attorney General have been deluged with spontaneous letters and telegrams of protest and support for Mr. Nowak, from such disparate sources as the National Association for the Protection of the Foreign-Born, the United Automobile Workers, the International Workers Order, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the Detroit and Wayne Co. Industrial Council, the Michigan CIO Council, the American Communications Commission, the Indiana CIO, the Cleveland Industrial Union Council, and countless other organizations of labor, the Negro people and the foreign-born.

THE conservative Polish paper *Zgoda* (Chicago), speaking for the largest Polish organization in America (over 300,000 members), says, "He was charged now when he has become one of the most active leaders in the anti-Hitler camp. Isn't this indicative?" The leading newspaper of the Democratic Party in Michigan, the Wayne County *Democrat,* looks on the indictment with suspicion.

Even more suspicious and indicative is the benevolent silence (so far as the Department of Justice is concerned) regarding the continuing subversive activities of Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and the Ku Klux Klan—all of them apparently active, and with impunity, in the state of Michigan. Whether Mr. Biddle sees the point we do not know; but multitudes of American citizens dedicated to the war against fascism will be certain to point it out to him.

Now Jail Jim Crow

THERE'S plenty wrong with this country, Joe Louis once said, but Hitler's not the one to fix it. Nor, Joe would agree, is Tojo. Four West Indies Negroes, who tried to build a subversive pro-Japanese movement in Harlem, have discovered that the vast majority of American Negroes stand with Joe Louis in regard to this war. That is why their conviction by a mixed Negro-white jury on charges of sedition and conspiracy to commit sedition is undoubtedly supported as heartily by Negroes as it is by patriotic whites. It is significant that the convicted seditionists, led by Leonard Jordan who styled himself the "black Hitler," were in the habit of heaping abuse on such representative Negroes as Joe Louis and Councilman A. Clayton Powell, who defend the interests of their own people by giving unstinted support to the war.



IT WOULD be well if it could be said that the jury's verdict settled the matter, but it didn't. Beyond this trial lies a deeper issue. The Ethiopian Pacific Movement which these men led is not a new movement. Under various names and in many parts of the country it has been in existence for years and at one time it possessed considerable strength.

One must ask why it was ever possible for a movement of this kind, open-

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ly operating in the interests of Japan, to have won support among even a tiny minority of the Negro people. One must ask whether such vile tools as Jordan did not have accomplices in their effort to depict bestial fascist Japan, murderer of millions of the colored peoples of Asia, as the friend of the American Negro—accomplices named Jim Crow, lynching, no-jobs-for-Negroes, etc. Without such accomplices there would probably never have been an Ethiopian Pacific Movement. And so long as these accomplices continue to flourish, often with encouragement in high places, no matter how many Leonard Jordans we put in jail there will be forces at work undermining our fight for national survival and a democratic peace.

Two Songs at Once

NEW YORK'S new Republican governor, Thomas E. Dewey, is said to have aspired in his youth to become a professional singer. Singers, however, are not supposed to sing two different tunes simultaneously. Perhaps that is why Dewey became instead a politician of a certain type. That type was perfectly expressed in his inaugural address. He gave formal recognition to the fact that we are at war and pledged "unswerving loyalty to our Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States." But beyond that, just try to find where Dewey stands. Since his generalizations tell us nothing we have to consider his innuendoes. Innuendo number one: "I state it as a cardinal principle of your new state administration that these young men and women [after the war] are entitled to expect something better than the hopeless period of government-made work and relief, of which they have seen so much in the past decade." (Thunderous applause from Herbert Hoover.) Who can take exception to a man who insists on giving us something *better* than WPA—assuming no one will mention the fact that Dewey's political sponsors are the people who unsuccessfully tried to give us something *worse*.

Innuendo number two: "In the postwar period the federal government will be called upon to abandon its sweeping wartime controls over the freedom of the individual." Get it? F. C. Crawford, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, did.

Innuendo number three: "In recognizing the need for joint action [with the federal government], your state will neither evade nor surrender its responsibilities." For the meaning of this passage we cite the New York *Times:* "That Mr. Dewey intended to make that declaration the principal point of his short address was clear from the emphasis he placed on it in his delivery, and the predominantly Republican audience recognized it as a declaration of war on New Deal encroachments by giving it vigorous applause."

In short, words by Dewey, music by Taft.

New Deal Spirit

DEWEY was elected because Jim Farley and the Christian Front elements allied with him organized a putsch against President Roosevelt's leadership and split the New Deal-labor forces in the state. Now the outgoing governor, Charles A. Poletti, who succeeded Governor Lehman briefly after the latter resigned to take charge of postwar relief and rehabilitation, has come forward with a program in the New Deal spirit designed to rally the pro-Roosevelt majority that still exists in New York state. It is a program of social legislation both for the present and the postwar period. One of its proposals is that a commission be appointed to prepare a "Beveridge report" for New York state.

The program also urges for immediate action the adoption of a health insurance plan; extending the duration of unemployment insurance benefits from twenty weeks to twenty-six and an increase of minimum payments from seven dollars to nine dollars a week; appropriation of $10,000,000 to finance child care services to aid women working in war industry; reduction of interest rates on small loans; lowering of the voting age to eighteen; development of public power; abolition of blue-ribbon juries and a strong ban on wire-tapping and illegal searches and seizures; outlawing of newspaper advertising which discriminates in hiring because of race, color, or creed; and popular initiative in proposing constitutional amendments.

THESE are excellent proposals. But what is even more important at this point is the organization of the win-the-war coalition that can make the will of the people felt in both the governor's office and the legislature.

For this the alliance between the American Labor Party and the New Deal majority of the Democratic Party needs to be reconstructed and a common program worked out. The CIO and AFL ought to be the keystone of this coalition. And of decisive importance is the winning of the farmers away from reactionary Republican leadership. A weakness of the Poletti program—and of the ALP's work—is the failure to deal with the problems of the farmers whose difficulties are being exploited by the Ham Fishes and other defeatist elements.

How to Help the Schools

HEARST'S attack on New York City's school system as a hotbed of "rowdyism" has been answered by the superintendent of schools, Dr. John E. Wade. "We believe," says Dr. Wade, "that we are fully able to meet changing conditions due to the war and we believe that we are doing so now." At the same time, he offers a six-point program for coping with problems of juvenile delinquency that have become increasingly urgent in the absence of an effective city-wide child-guidance plan. This program goes in the right direction. It looks for the source of difficulty in over-crowded classes and the failure of various community agencies to correlate their work.

At the same time, Dr. Wade's formula

itself needs to be strengthened. For example, it is not enough to suggest reduction of oversize classes "within the limits of the teaching personnel available through retraining the present number of teachers." Shifting teachers from less difficult to more difficult areas will not solve the problem. What the city needs, as the Teachers Union of New York has pointed out, is one thousand *additional* teachers who are waiting to be appointed. This suggestion accompanies a demand that a harder fight be made for state aid and that the full quota rather than a fraction of state aid should be made available to the schools. There is no alternative answer to the problem of understaffed institutions. To draw teachers from the areas which have no special problems today is to patch up one part of the system while exposing another part to danger.

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Mathematics of Malice

THIS week's prize for packing the most mischief into the fewest words goes to Albert Bushnell Hart, venerable professor emeritus of history at Harvard University. In an article on future events written for the Associated Press, Professor Hart finds his crystal ball full of all sorts of things, including the following: "Russia's ability to stick it out against the Germans will be one of the keys to eventual victory, but the United States should annex Canada in the peace settlement lest the Russians, in a postwar expansion of Siberia, should have designs on an independent or a British-dominated Canada." In exactly fifty words Professor Hart has managed to attack three of our principal allies, project imperialist land-grabbing for the United States, and upset any possibility of a durable peace. Which shows that if one starts with a constant—hatred of the Soviet Union—the mathematics of malice can achieve the most startling permutations and combinations. Westbrook Pegler couldn't do better.

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Rep. Emanuel Celler

SHOOT HESS NOW!

WE NEED not wait for history to do our judging. We have stood, and stand, witness to crimes so enormous that we find not their scope in the story of mankind. In viewing the history of horror that is the Nazi and fascist regimes, we face, however, a serious danger. Because story follows story of mass executions, of forced labor, of deportations and interments, of the deliberate and systematic murder of millions of the minority peoples in occupied and conquered territories, our minds and hearts must fiercely fight against becoming inured to these unspeakable atrocities. Repetition must not dull our senses into helpless acceptance. Each tale of outrage is not just another story. Each one must stand alone in violent condemnation of the perpetrators. The number of Jewish victims deported or perished since 1939 in Axis-controlled Europe now reaches the appalling figure of 2,000,000. While 5,000,000 are in danger of extermination Hitler and his jackals seek complete destruction of the Jews of Europe. Not since the days of Genghis Khan or Attila have we witnessed such mass torture and murder.

In the sight of God and man let the guilty be named and brought to punishment.

Fortunately, the problem of punishing the war guilty is being approached today in some quarters with a good deal of vigor. It is no simple task. Will the canons of international law suffice? Wherein shall jurisdiction lie? Shall national or international tribunals constitute the machinery of prosecution? Technical perplexities present themselves side by side with moral issues. The answers will not—must not—be long in coming. We dare not split legal hairs. For example, the culprits must be tried expeditiously, if not summarily. Personally, the forum or court is immaterial to me. Furthermore, we must invoke Nemesis now. We need not, must not wait till the war is over. Vigorous punishment now will prevent carnage of millions later.

Our President has stated: "The United Nations are going to win the war. When victory has been achieved, it is the purpose of the government of the United States to make appropriate use of the information and evidence in respect to these barbaric crimes of the invaders in Europe and in Asia. It seems only fair that they should have this warning that the time will come when they shall have to stand in courts of law in the very countries which they are now oppressing and answer for their acts."

I agree with our President, with one exception. Why wait till "victory has been achieved"? We should act now. We must prepare indictments now. We must try these brutes now. Some of them, including Rudolph Hess, should be made to face a firing squad now.

Of course Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop, Hess, Himmler and Goebbels, plus Mussolini, Count Ciano and his chief accomplices, Quisling, Horthy, Antonescu, Anton Adrian Mussert, Marshal Gert von Rundstedt, Seyss-Inquart, Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Dr. Robert Ley, are a few of the tyrants to be purged. The Soviet government's move in that direction is highly significant. An "Extraordinary State Commission on the German invaders has been appointed, the purpose of which is to investigate now, not later, the loss of life and the damage to property resulting from the German occupation, to assess now the amount of reparation due to Russia and to identify now wherever possible the guilty." Its careful and varied composition reveals its seriousness of intent. The chairmanship is held by a Soviet trade union leader and includes among its members a brain surgeon, a historian, a distinguished writer, and a woman pilot. Evidence is now being gathered and sifted to make ready for the time when the raging fiends will be called to justice.

LET us immediately sentence every known Gauleiter, Wehrmacht Junker, every member of SS Regiments, the Gestapo, Elite Guard, Black Shirts, Nazi and Fascist Parties, Black Guards, Brown Shirts, *Uschla* (Nazi punitive courts). I shall, as soon as the 78th Congress convenes, offer a bill setting up a commission to trace these accursed scoundrels and their brutalities and then to sentence them. The commission shall be comprised of civilians, representatives of well established groups. I shall include labor, women, and a few so-called "diplomats."

Sadist Hitler knows no law but the law of force. Only triple reprisals now will prevent his carrying out the plans sponsored by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg to make the world *Judenrein* ("purged of Jews"). Only triple retribution now will prevent Poland from becoming a Gargantuan Jewish grave. Why wait till the war is over before visiting revenge upon a culprit nation? We must act now. Wait, and then all Europe will be *Judenlos* ("free of Jews"). Why wait until Nazi *Vernichtungscolonnen* (extermination columns and destruction squads) commanded by the highest authorities in Berlin shall have finished their ruthless work? It shall then be too late.

In that punishment of the Nazis, fascists, and Nippons—in that revenge for Warsaw and Pearl Harbor—we must be (until the end) firm as steel, resolute as thunder, resistless as lightning. If there shall be a momentary pause, as now outside of Tunis, it shall be like the panther that withdraws only to take its spring.

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

THE COLOR OF THE 78th CONGRESS

Washington.

THE incoming 78th Congress is going to be a hard nut to crack, but it can be done. There is no reason for the panic evident among certain liberals. Firm leadership by the administration, greater energy and initiative on the part of the labor movement, better organization of the win-the-war forces inside and outside of Congress can disillusion the defeatists and reactionaries who, giddy with the election results, are getting set for the kill. But it won't happen automatically, it won't happen without struggle, without toughness and courage and understanding. The American people want to win this war; and the policy of drift and compromise scored zero on November 3.

Many former members of the House will be badly missed—Eliot and Casey of Massachusetts, Ramsay of West Virginia, Patrick of Alabama, Kopplemann and Fitzgerald of Connecticut, McKeough of Illinois, Hook of Michigan, Sacks and Holland (who enters the state legislature) of Pennsylvania, O'Day of New York. In the Senate the greatest loss by all odds will be the absence of that stalwart progressive, George W. Norris of Nebraska, and Prentiss Brown of Michigan. But the elections should also be credited with the defeat of such appeasement-minded and disruptive figures as Frank Buck and Leland Ford of California, Tenerowicz of Michigan, Bennett of Missouri, Copeland and Coffee of Nebraska, Jenks of New Hampshire, Pheiffer of New York, Sweeney of Ohio, Johns and Thill of Wisconsin. And the retirement of Rich and Faddis of Pennsylvania, and Tinkham of Massachusetts, is nothing short of a blessing.

PARTY labels, it now should be obvious, have lost significance. The present Congress will divide itself into two main factions: (1) the pro-war forces, including a few Willkie Republicans, which will support administration leadership; and (2) a coalition, which will indubitably gather, of reactionary, rabidly anti-Willkie (for lack of a better designation) Republicans, and the worst of the poll-tax Democrats. Such a coalition at best will be highly tenuous because of inherent contradictions; nevertheless, reaction can count on shrewd tacticians to give guidance so far as parliamentary maneuvering goes—the Taft-Vandenberg-Hoffman clique for the Republicans, taking inspiration from Herbert Hoover; and for the Democrats, Byrd and Tydings in the Senate, with Howard Smith, Dies, Cox, Rankin, and their sort doing the dirty work in the House.

It is easy to foresee the "line" of the appeasers and defeatists: they plan to seize the initiative as soon as Congress gets down to work, and to hang on to it at all costs. Their strategy necessarily must be to put the administration, the war agencies, the labor movement, the people's organizations —even the armed forces—on the defensive. They will lose no opportunity to flood Congress with obstructionist proposals—each of which must be countered and run into the ground. If the to-hell-with-the-war junta manages to enact any of its program, so much the greater its success. Primarily, however, it desires to choose the ground for debate and, by so doing, involve the win-the-war groups in rear-guard struggles that delay new legislation advancing the war effort and expediting victory. The reactionaries will not be so foolish as to oppose appropriations for the armed forces. Their ballyhoo will stress "economy," "constitutionality," "states' rights," and their dread of "regimentation" and "bureaucracy." They will rage against rationing and price control. They will Red-bait, grasping for new powers and greater appropriations for the Dies committee. They will press for a sales tax, and for formulas to shift the tax burden onto the shoulders of those least able to pay. Their speeches will echo the program of the National Association of Manufacturers, smearing labor, pressing for anti-strike decrees, wage and job freezing, cancellation of the NLRA and the Wage-Hour Act, elimination of the War Labor Board. They will sabotage any move to end the poll tax. They will rail against lend-lease and slander our British, Chinese, and Soviet allies. They will bicker at the war agencies and attempt to cut appropriations for the Farm Security Administration, the Office of War Information, etc. They will impede any program of housing, public health, child care, while ridiculing the morale and information services.

Reaction, moreover, is organized. In the last Congress, the coalition built itself an effective machine which remains substantially intact. The win-the-war forces have no such unity as yet. The small informal group around John Coffee of Washington never got moving. Administration spokesmen showed an appalling lack of courage, aggressiveness, decisiveness. But necessity can and must change all that. The stakes are too high for any other course. Not that administration supporters can take much heart from the forced resignation of Leon Henderson, admittedly a propitiatory gesture toward reaction masquerading as a farm bloc. Yet signs of new approaches are in the air. For the first time, John McCormack, administration spokesman in the House, has sought some working agreement with the Coffee group of progressives.

The hope in Washington among more aggressive New Dealers is that President Roosevelt's opening message to the 78th Congress will demand immediate action on a clear, precise, and inclusive legislative program. Thereby, from the very start of Congress, the initiative would be wrested from reaction, and throughout the nation the people would know what to require from their elected representatives. The most pressing problem, of course, is the planned reorganization of production—the passage of the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bill for an Office of War Mobilization. And this implies passage as well of adequate and constructive tax legislation, including the $25,000 ceiling on income from all sources after tax deductions, the strengthening of rationing and price controls, the approval of the third War Powers Bill asked by the President. It means, in addition, bolstering morale by the repeal of the poll tax. It means abandonment of "deals" to buy off reaction. For to appease the defeatists is to bow to them; on the other hand, the coalition cannot survive rigorous exposure of its full betrayal of the war effort.

In all this, labor has a vital role to play. Of all the people's organizations, the most responsive, the most efficient and readily mobilized are the unions. Labor's political obligation to the country at war is so great that the CIO, AFL, and Railroad Brotherhoods can no longer tolerate disunity or be content merely to oppose the plottings of reaction; they must anticipate the requirements of a war economy.

INDEED, Congress can well be made responsive to the wishes of the people, if insistence by the people is strong enough. In the coming year the older forms of pressure such as letter campaigns, wires to congressmen, protest meetings, however useful and important, will be insufficient. Full political participation becomes an imperative. When the Anti-Poll Tax Bill was up for consideration this last year, for example, the people's lobbies arrived in Wash-

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ington only on the last day, when the adverse Senate vote was a foregone conclusion. Had the people's spokesmen been here weeks before, the outcome could well have been different. War demands organization—not only by the military to smash the enemy in the field, but by the people.

The administration too has its part to play. It dare not treat win-the-war groups in Congress cavalierly, throwing patronage to defeatists in the unrealistic expectation of persuading them to be good.

Too often the administration has shown no recognition of the need to differentiate between friends and enemies, regardless of party labels. It must learn that on the effectiveness of the leading progressives in Congress, such as John Coffee, Adolph Sabath, Michael Bradley, and Vito Marcantonio, rests in large measure the administration's ability to mobilize the country for total war. This goes especially for such Munich-minded men in high office as Attorney General Biddle, whose Red-baiting is the joy of the appeasers.

Perhaps the best statement of what the people expect from Congress today was given by Donald Nelson in a letter to the Murray Small Business Committee. Nelson's own outlook for WPB—which still needs to be adopted in practice—can well be taken as the goal to be achieved by the 78th Congress: "This war requires evolving a 'war economy.' . . . A war economy for the United States is an economic and political structure which will insure the minimum of goods and services necessary to keep the population alive, healthy, and functioning effectively and will insure that everything else, men, machines, and materials, that can be directed against the enemy, is so directed." BRUCE MINTON.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE RATIONING OF STRATEGY

WENDELL WILLKIE said the other day that the United Nations should be something more than an attractive name. In this he was absolutely right. A guarantee for the success of such a thing as United Nations is the existence and enactment of truly united strategy.

United strategy presupposes the rationing of manpower, equipment, and above all, military effort.

For reasons of geography (among others) there are really only two countries among the United Nations whose manpower is interchangeable to a degree and who can work out a sort of rationing of men among themselves. These countries are Great Britain and the United States. Their troops are so intermingled by now that it may be assumed they have worked out a sort of "manpower rationing" among themselves. The same goes for their equipment.

As far as the other two great powers in the concert are concerned—the Soviet Union and China—they are the "victims of geography" and are destined to receive very little from the assembly lines of the great arsenals of democracy. China has to do without outside armaments altogether, and the Soviet Union has to be content with very little, relying on the great industrial centers which were created in the Urals and in Central Asia before the war, on the evacuated industries and on the truly *all-out* war effort of its peoples.

In approaching the third problem—the rationing of military effort among the United Nations—we shall presume that the best has been done as far as the apportionment of manpower and equipment is concerned. We are not so sure this is a fact, but we shall, for the sake of argument, consider it so.

Now what about the apportionment, or "rationing," of military effort? Has this been done equitably?

WE SHALL not examine the various military efforts from the beginning of the war to date. That would be too long and tedious a job. Let us take instead the short period after the day which was so enthusiastically headlined as marking the assumption of the initiative by the United Nations. That day was Nov. 8, 1942, when the great armada under the command of General Eisenhower approached the shores of Africa. Since then the United Nations are supposed to have been on the offensive.

At that time in November General Montgomery had dislodged General Rommel from El Alamein and had demolished three or four Axis divisions in the process. But here it must be pointed out that Rommel had had wind of what was being prepared by the Allies in his rear and that he defended El Alamein merely with a rear guard, having taken the only logical decision—to race back to Tunisia with what was left of his Afrika Korps in order to organize and consolidate all available Axis forces to defend the most important part of Africa (from the Axis viewpoint).

Rommel deceived Montgomery several times with fake stands at various intermediate positions. Every time Montgomery got ready to storm such a position, Rommel outdistanced him, pulling out his main force almost unscathed. One trap was sprung on Rommel at Marble Arch, but his rear guard broke out of it and the incident was soon "forgotten." Now Rommel has certainly moved most of his troops into Tunisia and it is very doubtful that Allied forces will be able to cut the coastal road in southeastern Tunisia before his last troops march in.

There actually has been no fighting between Rommel and Montgomery since the beginning of November, the former withdrawing westward and the latter tagging along, with only sporadic, small-scale contact between rear guards and vanguards of the opponents. General Anderson's First British Army, having taken up its initial positions along the Algerian-Tunisian border during the second week of November, made a bold and unsuccessful dash for Bizerte and Tunis, reached Tebourba, and was beaten back to Medjez-el-Bab. The battles in these regions were small-scale—they could not be otherwise since the Axis only has some 20,000 troops in all Tunisia. Thus for two months the Allies, facing a maximum of 100,000 Axis troops in Africa (including Rommel), have not gone beyond local skirmishing. It is doubtful that in this enormous theater of the war a total of probably 1,000,000 Allied troops have destroyed and captured more than three or four Axis divisions (most of this was done at El Alamein in late October).

Commentators have been telling us all along that "the war has taken to the air." A lively exchange of bombing has been going on in the Mediterranean basin. Tunis, Bizerte, Sfax, Gabes, Tripoli, Naples, Sicily, Genoa, and Turin have been plastered, the Axis retaliating against Algiers, Bone, Oran, and other places, but very feebly. The Allied Air Forces have bombed northern France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. In other words they have continued to do what they have been doing for well over a year without appreciable results.

All in all, the African "prerequisite" for the opening of a second front in the south of Europe has remained a prerequisite. Two months have passed. By now there is no doubt that the south of Europe has been

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pretty well fortified and prepared for an invasion and we might pretty soon face a situation which will not be any better than the one in northwestern France, as far as an invasion is concerned. With only this difference: the lines of communications to northwestern France are twenty-one miles long, while from Africa to southern Europe they are several hundred miles long and involve an extra stop-over with unloading and reloading of men and equipment.

So we see that the combination of two major powers with a total population of well over 500,000,000 people, having taken the offensive, has demolished in two months less than 50,000 enemy soldiers.

Now, let's look at the New Year's Eve communique of the Soviet High Command. The table on this page gives only the net results of the Soviet offensive in the south. If you add to this the results of the offensive on the Central Front, you will see that the Red Army has killed and captured 400,000 enemy officers and men and has certainly wounded some 500,000. In other words it may be assumed that in six weeks 650,000 fascist officers and men have been permanently put out of commission, with another 250,000 temporarily knocked out subject to "repairs."

The populations of the British empire and the United States are more than three times that of the Soviet Union. Granted they are geographically further away from the centers of the enemy and therefore cannot be expected to kill and capture three times more enemies than the Red Army does. But—should there not be at last an equality in military effort?

And, in the last analysis, the question of military effort is reduced to: "How many men did you kill, how many planes, tanks, guns, and trucks did you capture and destroy?" On this score, the Red Army is doing ninety percent and its allies only about ten percent. The Axis armies contained in the Soviet pincers between Stalingrad and Rostov number about 1,000,000 men, which is the equivalent of all Axis troops fighting the Allies on all other fronts, *including those of China;* in other words, General Vatutin *alone* fights as many fascist soldiers as Generals Chiang Kai-shek, MacArthur, Wavell, Alexander, Eisenhower, and Admiral Halsey together.

That is precisely the condition which we call lack of rationing of military effort. The effort is lopsided, and this is one of the main reasons why the Axis nut has not cracked yet.

What then is the remedy for this deplorable situation?

The remedy is still the same: to open a real second front, a front in western Europe, across the Channel from England, where great numbers of Allied soldiers will be able to "see the white of the eyes" of hundreds of thousands of their opponents. After all, this is the only decisive way of fighting, figuratively speaking.

The earth—*terra firma*—is Man's habitat. This is where he lives, builds, and fights. Only land fighting can be decisive. The fighting on the sea and in the air can only be of an auxiliary character. Ever so important, but only auxiliary. There is *not enough* volume of land fighting in Africa and there cannot be more of it because there *aren't enough enemies there.* This is why we feel the moment has arrived for an invasion of Europe, *without* waiting for the consummation of the African campaign.

THE SOUTHERN SOVIET OFFENSIVE

Nov. 19 — Dec. 4, 1942

Operations lasting from Nov. 19 to Dec. 31, 1941	MEN Capt.	MEN Dstrd.	PLANES Capt.	PLANES Dstrd.	TANKS Capt.	TANKS Dstrd.	GUNS Capt.	GUNS Dstrd.	TRUCKS Capt.	TRUCKS Dstrd.	ADVANCE OF RED ARMY	No. of Populated Places Liberated
Phase I: beg. Nov. 19; operation before Stalingrad	72,400	95,000	134	286	1,792	548	2,232	934	7,306	3,190	45 - 90 miles	213
Phase II: beg. Dec. 16; breakthrough in Middle Don	60,050	59,000	368	117	168	172	1,929	268	7,414	1,000	90 - 125 miles	1,246
Phase III: beg. Dec. 12; counter-blow at Kotelnikovski	5,200	21,000	40	306	94	467	292	257	329	945	60 - 90 miles	130
TOTAL	137,650+175,000 = 312,650		542 + 709 = 1,251		2,054+1,187 = 3,241		4,453+1,459 = 5,912		15,049+5,135 = 20,184			1,589 1,589
Other Equipment Captured and Destroyed	Machine-Guns 8,161	2,708	MORTARS 2,734	755	RIFLES 137,850	?	AUTOMATIC RIFLES 15,954	?	ANTI-TANK RIFLES 37,703	?	MOTORCYCLES 3,221	
	HORSES 15,783		AMMUNITION DUMPS 434		LOCOMOTIVES 46		RAILWAY TRUCKS 2,120		SHELLS 5,000,000		ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION 50,000,000	

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WHAT ABOUT PRODUCTION?

Three representative Americans present their views on the paramount issue of stepping up our war output. How can it best be achieved? New Masses continues its discussion of this No. 1 issue.

In an effort to clarify the problem of war production NEW MASSES *asked three prominent Americans—Ernest Minor Patterson, professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania; John Beecher, New York regional director of the President's Fair Employment Practice Committee; and James Lustig, organizer of District 4, United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO)—to give us their answers to six questions:*

1. What changes should be made in our production setup in order to assure maximum mobilization of economic and human resources for war production?

2. Is effective scheduling of production possible with the present setup?

3. Should production be under civilian or military control, or should it be partly under one and partly under the other?

4. How should the problem of military, industrial and agricultural manpower be handled?

5. How can the facilities of small business be utilized for the war effort?

6. What role do you think labor ought to play in organizing production?

The answers appear below. We invite discussion from our readers.—The Editors.

John Beecher

N. Y. Regional Representative
President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice

I CANNOT answer from firsthand knowledge and clear conviction all the questions posed. I shall limit myself to the first, since it involves my own field of activity, the utilization of so-called "minorities" in the American war production effort.

From what I have seen I know for a fact that we are far from achieving "maximum mobilization" of those human resources irrelevantly tagged Negro, Jewish, Mexican, and alien. For all the well intentioned talk about this in so many quarters—trade unions, churches, government, even manufacturers' associations—it is astounding how feeble and hesitant the program of corrective action has been. Here and there substantial progress has been made through the intervention of the Committee on Fair Employment Practice, through determined trade union action or through enlightened hiring practices on the part of management.

MOST people, however, and these include many government officials charged with executing national manpower policies, pay perfunctory lip service to the principle of no discrimination while waiting for the problem "to solve itself." Their assumption is that as the labor market becomes progressively tighter, the barriers against Negroes and other minority groups will be relaxed. As a Louisiana Employment Service official said to me some months ago, "You can't expect the shipyards to hire Negroes when white people are still out of jobs. But the day will come when they'll have to do what they ought to do. There won't be any more whites available, so they'll hire Negroes. Until that day comes, there isn't a thing we can do about it."

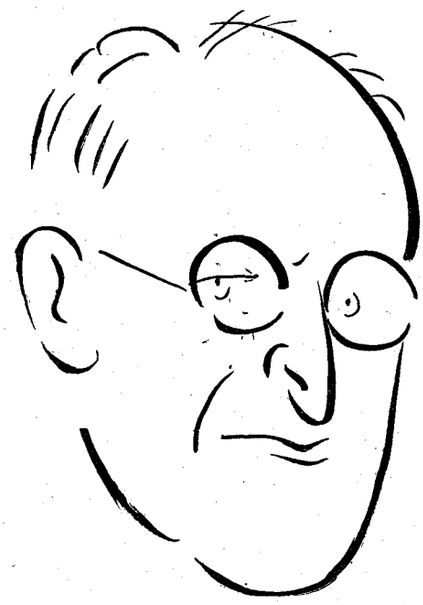
This sort of cynical fatalism is frequently met with in the North as well as the South. One hears far too much of it from people who should know better, in the government, in the unions and elsewhere. Sometimes a tight labor market does create a sort of dubious break for minorities. The "ins" move up the ladder of skills and the Negroes and others come in at the bottom. But even this process is by no means automatic.

The problem failed to "solve itself" in Houston, Tex., to take one example. The shipyards there needed welders by thousands. Houston happened to be one of the very few southern cities that had set up a defense school for Negroes. Quite a number of Houston Negroes had been trained as welders and had passed the same standard test as the white men who were going to work in the shipyards. The requirement for acceptance in the school was a 3A draft classification based on a wife and at least two dependents. These Negro welders were thus Houston residents, householders, family men. But did they get a break when the local white welders were used up and thousands more were needed? They did not. They went to work as common laborers or, leaving their families behind, they went on to Richmond, Cal., or Portsmouth, Va., where they had heard that Negro welders could get jobs. As they were going out, hundreds of white welders were being brought in from the oil fields of the Southwest to glut the already overcrowded city of Houston.

The truth must be faced that the problem of discrimination will never "solve itself." If we are to make total use of our reservoir of manpower, which we must do to win, and if we are to sustain the morale of all groups in

John Beecher

James Lustig



Ernest Minor Patterson

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the population by giving all an equal chance to participate in the common enterprise, we must not merely enunciate but rigorously enforce our national non-discriminatory policy. The Committee on Fair Employment Practice must be granted funds to operate upon a truly national basis. So far the FEPC has of necessity followed the strategy of a commando party. Quick, spectacular raids on discriminating firms in the major regions of the country have been carried out through the device of public hearings. These hearings have done much good in publicizing the extent and gravity of the problem. But on account of FEPC's lack of staff and budget, firms to which directives were issued have not been policed to see that the directives were obeyed and in some cases these have been flouted with complete impunity. This has encouraged other war industries to disregard Executive Order 8802. The reactionary forces of the South have been emboldened to the point of making a vicious counter-attack against the FEPC and the national anti-discriminatory policy. Day by day this counter-attack seems to gain in strength and audacity, sweeping on against no real opposition.

The fight on discrimination is the main front of the home fight against fascism. That this front was never strongly defended is plain. That it must be defended if it is not to be utterly broken should be equally plain. This requires support for the FEPC—the funds to do a thorough job of investigation and enforcement over the entire country. In doing this job, the FEPC must be able to count on the alert and continuous cooperation of trade unions and other progressive bodies that grasp the implications of what defeat in the fight against discrimination in the war effort can mean for them, for America, and for the world of the future.

Ernest Minor Patterson

Professor of Economics, University of Pennsylvania

THERE are very few persons who can with confidence answer some of the questions raised in this symposium. For example, it is impossible for anyone not in close, almost daily contact with industrial and government affairs to know whether effective scheduling of production is possible with the present setup. "Effective" is a relative term. No organization can be 100 percent effective, and in a vast sprawling country such as the United States there will never be in a literal sense a maximum use of resources. Nor can the outsider speak with assurance regarding many specific changes in organization since he cannot be adequately informed of the difficulties currently experienced in operation. From the information reaching us through the press we gain the impression that there has been a vast increase in production, but I at least am reluctant to urge organizational changes except as they are suggested by the general principles sketched below. Moreover the organization we have is being modified almost week by week and it is difficult for most of us to keep fully informed regarding these changes.

There are, nevertheless, a few general statements that may be made. They are of the sort that can and should be applied to the maximum extent possible in a difficult situation. The first of these is that production should be under civilian rather than military controls. Specialists are prone to maximize or even to exaggerate their needs. This is to be expected and even welcomed rather than condemned, but it does not follow that specialists should be given a free hand. At present this is particularly true. Our national problem is not purely military. In addition to the requirements of a definitely military sort there are civilian needs and also countless political and humanitarian matters to be considered. Only an individual or group somewhat detached from all special interests can have the broad view needed to permit a proper correlation of the limited resources involved. In addition there is, of course, no reason to suppose that military men as such can understand the technical difficulties faced by industry. Final decisions should be made by non-military officials, but with every opportunity for the Army, Navy, and Air services to present and argue for their requests.

The same is to be said in reply to the inquiry about handling manpower. This follows as a sort of corollary to the view just presented. There will be no way to avoid completely serious drains on industrial and agricultural personnel but again the decision should not rest with one group alone, *e.g.* the military, nor should it be left to either of the other groups but to an individual or to several who are as fully as possible detached from the special interests concerned. At the best they will frequently err in their decisions but their mistakes will not be so numerous as those that would be made by representatives of any one of the groups mentioned.

There has been much criticism of the decisions that have created serious difficulties for small business concerns and probably many of them are warranted. Needless to say there must be a fair limit of tolerance for error, yet it appears to the detached observer that the facilities of small concerns have not been utilized to the best advantage. Sub-contracting should be utilized as fully as possible and as rapidly as possible. If it is true, as frequently charged, that many large concerns have been unwilling to sublet contracts because they felt their own profits—short-run or long-run—would suffer if they did so, their

NOT ENOUGH

IT IS encouraging to learn that in November war production made the largest gain of any month since the launching of our arms program in the summer of 1940. Yet to feel inner glow at the figures released by Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, and let it go at that, would be gross self-deception. November showed a sharp upward spurt—but from May to October the monthly rate of increase steadily declined. Airplane production jumped eighteen percent in November—but it had dropped five percent in October. Output of merchant ships rose twenty-six percent—but in October it had decreased ten percent. The point we are making is that there is a great deal of lost ground to make up, as evidenced by the fact that most of the original production goals for 1942 which President Roosevelt set a year ago were not attained.

The needs of this total war are so great that increasingly we must measure achievement not by any preceding month or year, but in terms of our potential capacity. By that standard we are not doing so well. In a series of articles in *PM* I. F. Stone has told what is happening in the industry with the greatest concentration of war production facilities, the automobile industry. Despite all the ballyhoo, the output of war materials in the auto industry in 1942 was less than its civilian production in 1941, according to Stone, and far less than its estimated capacity ($4,125,000,000 in war materials as against an estimated capacity of $18,000,000,000). While new plants and expensive machinery are being provided at government expense, small manufacturers are putting ads in the classified columns of newspapers begging for subcontracting work. Workers in some plants are forced to remain idle for hours or days at a time or are put to work cleaning or painting walls instead of making war materials. Ford output, particularly at the famed Willow Run bomber plant, is way below par and was ten percent less in the fall than it had been four months earlier. In other words, in the industry which was the model of mass production of civilian items, war production drifts along in the most haphazard fashion and workers become demoralized because of glaring inefficiency and waste.

NEW MASSES does not think the trouble can be diagnosed simply as stemming from the owners and managers of the automobile industry. We do not doubt they share the blame, but fundamentally what is happening on this key sector of the war production front is an inevitable consequence of failure to organize and plan our entire war economy under a central authority, with labor participating together with management on all the directing bodies.

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attitude should not be tolerated. Pressures should be applied to force sub-contracting whenever and wherever it would facilitate war production without an undue sacrifice of basic civilian needs.

It would seem that the day has passed when labor should not be included in the planning of production. There is more than a little truth in the charge that leading decisions are often made by industrial leaders not familiar with industrial techniques and who are at times guilty of what Thorstein Veblen called "the conscientious withholding of efficiency." It should at once be added that labor is frequently guilty of similar practices. Yet in many matters the workers in plants are better informed than some company officials about defects in production and often, too, intelligent and patriotic labor leaders can see weaknesses in organization and in policy and can advise intelligently about improvements. Again an outsider should hesitate to be very specific regarding the exact way in which this change should be accomplished.

Industrial and labor organizations are highly intricate and no paper plan that might be suggested would be everywhere applicable. But again the principle is clear. Within the different industries and in the formation of policies at Washington labor should be on a par with other groups. Of course labor representatives will have the interests of themselves and their organizations in mind, but this is no more true of them than of industrialists. In fact, if the writer were to choose he would say that they are more apt to be farsighted and patriotic than many though, of course, not all employers.

Producing for Victory

James Lustig

Organizer, District Four
United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America

IT IS essential that the whole economy of our country shall be governed by one central agency—that agency to direct all the production facilities, all the raw materials, and all the manpower of the nation. This is an absolute prerequisite to maximum production. Without such a central authority, it is impossible to coordinate production and achieve maximum results.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, it is said. The fact that we have absolute chaos in scheduling production under the present setup is proof positive that it cannot be done without a central authority. The innumerable agencies that are operating in the field, letting contracts, procuring raw materials, supplying manpower, are working at cross purposes with each other, without any cohesion or coordination, all because of a lack of a centralized guiding agency.

Production definitely should be under civilian control. Production under military control or under a divided military and civilian control would result in retaining all the shortcomings of our present production effort.

The military forces of our country have a very great job to do—to defeat the Axis forces on the field of battle. Their requests as to production should go to a setup ruled by civilians who know production, letting the central civilian authority fulfill the requirements of our armed forces.

An agency is necessary that will know the exact needs of manpower, of our armed forces, and of our industrial and agricultural setup. Only in this way can we build up our necessary armed forces without interfering with the most efficient operation of industry and agriculture.

All possible aid, financial, technical and otherwise, should be given to the small business establishments to convert their factories for the war effort. The large monopolies who have eighty percent of the war contracts should be compelled to sub-contract to the small factories.

Labor should be involved in all policy making bodies of the government, starting with the War Production Board and the Manpower Commission, and given a chance to contribute towards shaping the policies of production. Labor should also be involved in all decisions that affect the conditions under which labor is working for the war effort.

If that principle had been in practice, an Executive Order like 9240, banning double time for Sunday and holiday work, would never have been issued—this order was for the alleged purpose of promoting production. Experience, bitter experience, has taught the officials in Washington that no other single act hurt production as much as 9240 because it tended to destroy the morale of the people.

Labor should be given full cooperation in setting up industrial councils on a planned regional and industrial basis with full equality with management.

If all those steps are taken, American industry can fulfill its historic function of supplying the necessary war materials to the armed forces of our country and to those of our allies.

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WHAT PEARL BUCK OVERLOOKED

Though Miss Buck has grounds for dissatisfaction, she is wrong when she speaks of the "character of the war having changed." You can't divorce the military from the political. We need more military struggle.

IT APPEARS that some of our liberal friends are about ready to throw in the sponge. Or at least some of them are becoming real wet-blankets about the war.

Pearl Buck gave this trend its most eloquent expression in her famous speech to the Nobel Prize Winners banquet on Dec. 10. It was a terrible cry of fear at the way things are going, as many liberals see them. On a much less dignified and less earnest plane, we have had the same sort of thing from the Washington Bureau of *PM*, in a recent Sunday supplement symposium. These assorted Marc Antonys not only found little that was praiseworthy in the war, but their chief concern seemed to be which one of them would write the more deftly turned obituary.

The development is serious. It is serious because it deals with half-truths that are always more confusing than untruths. It is serious also because it reflects an increasing lack of self-confidence and perspective among wide groups of the American middle class in the face of the oncoming reactionary offensive. The war is transforming every old relationship. The schools are undergoing great changes. Every category of professional life is faced with readjustments. Ways of life are changing. And on top of it all, a cleverly manipulated coalition of reactionary and appeasement forces is openly organizing to turn every discontent against the President's program, and against the successful and thorough completion of the war.

IF ONE could sit down across the dinner table with Miss Buck and talk the whole thing out, it might be possible, I think, to grant a great deal of what she says, and yet insist on very different conclusions. She is clearly worried about the continued deadlock in India, where fierce repression is still going on as stubbornly as ever. She is alarmed at the continued failure of the United Nations to develop a large scale offensive from China's soil. She is angered by the arrogance with which Churchill recently reaffirmed his own perspective for the British Empire. And without saying so, she had in mind the Jekyll-Hyde transformation of Admiral Darlan. Not to mention the ghosts of the Hapsburgs that have suddenly materialized as though Mr. Stimson, in his latter years, were going in for spiritualism in a big way.

Granted. Granted that all this—and much more sinister things on the domestic plane—still faces us. Yet we cannot grant Miss Buck what appears to be more than a lack of precision in language, when she speaks of the "character of the war having changed." Nor can we grant her that "this has ceased to be a war for freedom and has become a purely military struggle." Nor can we agree that no

Pearl Buck

great statesmen have come forward to state in clear terms what the millions are fighting for. And when she recalls that Victor Hugo refused to compromise with reaction in November 1849 and remained "on the side of those who were oppressed," we have to be very sure that in unfurling such a noble banner, Miss Buck does not confuse the side she is on and set back the cause of the oppressed at one of the most critical and yet most promising moments of our century.

We cannot drop out of this war as though it were a Virginia Reel. There is no other combination of allies in sight, except the alliance that we have, despite all the contradictions and perplexities within it. To resign from this war—as though another were possible—is to invite and guarantee defeat. No matter how difficult are China's problems within the alliance, she could not solve them at all were she to withdraw from this particular struggle as though there were really the chance of any other. Last summer we had a really profound crisis within the United Nations over the "second front" issue. This crisis was at least partially resolved because all sides realized that there was a definite point beyond which the crisis could not go without jeopardizing the most vital interests of all the United Nations.

Miss Buck raises the question of whether a military struggle is enough, as though military and political issues can really be divorced. The really immediate question is not whether military struggle is enough but *whether we are going to have enough military struggle.*

The greatest single determinant of whether progressive forces will have gained a decisive advantage over reaction in this war depends on the complete, total, irreversible, military destruction of fascism. And not only its leaders but its institutions. To achieve this we need not merely exciting, and excitingly worded, declarations but above all — hard, ruthless, merciless military war upon the enemy. Marx spoke of the weapons of criticism giving way to the supreme criticism of weapons. The chief issue in the political field today is whether we are going to have this conclusive, all-out decision in irreconcilable battle. At a moment when the Axis is doing its utmost to give the impression of a "fortress in Europe" which does not seek war with us any longer, a moment when powerful negotiated-peace forces are more arrogant than ever, Miss Buck's reflection on whether military struggle is enough was therefore most unfortunate. The interesting thing is that the Soviet Union, whose war aims Wendell Willkie recently upheld as his own and worthy of a common platform for the United Nations, is the land where the whole emphasis is precisely on the most rapid and thorough military destruction of the enemy.

But of course all this brings us only to the heart of Miss Buck's problem. One of her chief complaints is that the focus of the war rests on Europe rather than China. It is hard to believe that she opposes this fact on strategic grounds. Because, strategically, it is clear that the Axis can be dealt its heaviest defeats in Europe first. That is where our Allies are already far advanced toward crushing the enemy. And this is where the center of gravity of the Axis lies.

So Miss Buck must be worried about the Far East on political rather than strategic grounds. I would not deny how much remains to be done toward accepting China as a full-fledged ally in this war. Nor would I deny the resistance in some of our naval circles to the idea of carrying the Far Eastern war forward with China in the forefront of the battle. But Pearl Buck is overlooking the longer range significance of the fact that China is allied—even incompletely—with the USSR, with Britain and the United States.

THE fact that the defeat of the worst imperialism in history is being carried through by a unique alliance of the first socialist country, the greatest semi-colonial country, and the two leading democratic-capitalist powers is a mighty fact which distinguishes this war from anything in the past. Churchill may look back to the days of Disraeli and Palmerston in his more expansive moments. But these worthies must have rolled over in their graves when Churchill declared last summer that if there was anything he had learned in the United States it can be summed up in one word—China.

Was this just a parliamentarian phrase? No, it was a lightning-like illumination of

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the enormous historical advance which the whole colonial world has made in the fact that China is our ally. It was a guarantee that the system of imperialism as such will have suffered irreparable blows with the outcome of this war. Napoleon once spoke of China as a "sleeping giant" who, when he awakes, "will shake the world." China has awakened. The colonial world is thereby shaken so fundamentally that it can never be restored.

As for Europe, which in Pearl Buck's opinion occupies too much of the attention of humanity—one cannot agree with this unglobal and unhistorical balancing-off of Europe as against Asia and vice versa. One may discuss abstractly the relative merits of European and Asiatic civilization, but one cannot deny that history is making some fundamental decisions in Europe which are bound to affect the whole world, Asia included. And this is true without minimizing the great decisions taking place among the peoples of Asia as well. In fact Hitler has been trying to "colonialize" Europe, to reproduce among the highly advanced countries of old Europe the essence of the colonial system which Europeans have maintained in Asia. As a friend of the colonial peoples, Miss Buck ought not to disparage the vast potentialities which "colonial" Europe still offers to mankind. The war is global. It will be judged by its global, not its sectional, results.

THE heart of the difficulties that beset our liberal friends is their preoccupation with the glitter of personality, of abstract proposals, of hothouse projects that bear no relation to the real forces at work. Miss Buck complains that no statesmen have come forward to voice the aims of the millions. One wonders whether she has been listening to the great voices that have spoken in many parts of the world in these two years, among them the voice of Joseph Stalin. She complains that our war aims need renewed articulation, perhaps in more compelling language. But this—unless we think of forces, classes, masses at the same time—is the old liberal failing. It is the preoccupation with the *iridescence* rather than the *essence* of things.

For example, one of the favorite demands among many liberals all during the past year was the proposal of a united supreme command for the United Nations. George Fielding Eliot, certainly a fighter in the good cause, had the whole thing worked out diagrammatically in *Look* last autumn. Since the Darlan development, there has been increasing emphasis in some circles on the necessity of some sort of inter-Allied political council. Freda Kirchwey, in the *Nation* for Dec. 5, concluded a passionate denunciation of l'affaire Darlan and its implications with precisely such a demand.

Now unquestionably, an inter-Allied joint council would be a very good thing. Especially, as Wendell Willkie sees it, not just a paper body but one that is capable of making real and binding military and political decisions. And unquestionably when many liberals demand such councils, they are trying to express a wholesome and very necessary alarm at the continued absence of a second front in western Europe, and at menacing monstrosities like Darlan, Otto of Hapsburg, and all that.

Yet it must also be said that for many liberals, there is often a preoccupation with the architecture of things, and not enough emphasis and clear speaking on their reality.

On the second front issue, what we need is a machinery of united strategy, but what will make the machinery go is the united strategy itself, that is to say the coordination of American and British arms at the moment when Soviet arms are giving us such unparalleled opportunities for victory. We need what Earl Browder has called the "actualization" of the coalition of the United Nations on the field of battle.

The same thing is true of political strategy. The Darlan development would certainly have been made more difficult by the existence of a joint council among the United Nations; and future Darlans might be hamstrung by such machinery.

But a real political strategy toward the peoples of Europe must depend (a) on their own struggle and the particular forms it takes, and (b) the strength, organized character, clarity, and initiative of the British and American peoples themselves.

This is what has to be fought for as the driving force and essential prerequisite of the necessary political and military councils among the United Nations. And what was perhaps chiefly disappointing in Miss Buck's address was the absence of any indication of the great responsibility which liberals have in organizing, stimulating, and molding this consciousness and maturity.

THE peace after this war will not be determined solely or wholly at the peace conference. The conference will register a relationship of forces achieved at the moment the war ends. This relationship of forces will in the first place signify a defeat for the Axis, that most barbarous enemy of all the United Nations. It will signify a guarantee of the national independence of these nations —for which the war, in the first place, is being fought. The peace conference will also register the relationship between progressive and reactionary elements within the United Nations. And he who wishes a progressive peace must bend himself to the strengthening of every progressive tendency within the prosecution of the war.

Herbert Hoover understands all this so clearly that he comes forward with the plan to freeze existing relations in Europe. He not only wishes to compromise with Hitler's Europe as it is today, but he realizes that if he can freeze existing relations at the moment the war ends, he may gain a peace advantageous to the reactionaries for whom he speaks. Hoover can be rebuffed not only by the fullest and most rapid prosecution of the war to the complete eradication of fascism, but by creating, within the process of the war, progressive relations which no one will be able to "freeze" the day the fighting ceases.

And the relation between progressive and reactionary forces will be determined by the way the war is being fought and the indispensable changes which the war itself is bringing about as a matter of military necessity. It depends on what you are looking at. You may consider the peace conference a failure unless there are women represented there, as has recently been suggested. But history may record that the decisive gain for the emancipation of women took place when the aircraft companies realized they couldn't build airplanes without training women to be welders and riveters, and providing nurseries for their children. You may worry about whether this war has ceased to be a struggle for freedom because the Conservative majority in the House of Commons has again postponed elections in England. But history may record that the most profound constitutional changes in England took place when, faced with the need of winning the war, the most active, war-conscious shop stewards were elected to labor-management committees in the British war plants.

It is true that Darlan brings up the specter of dealing with Goering, with Mannerheim, with Franco. But history may record that the war was being won for freedom, when, in the process of elemental struggle with the Nazis, the Yugoslav people's army stimulated the convocation of a Constituent Assembly in Bihac, Bosnia, on Thanksgiving Day 1942 and the potential Darlan, Mikhailovich, was exposed. In carrying forward their most effective struggle against Hitler, a wartime necessity, the Yugoslav people are making the most effective beginnings of a real peace for the whole Danubian basin. And their example will be felt in all Europe.

OUR liberal friends are strange fellows. Two and a half years ago they were all hot and panting for this war. Lewis Mumford was saying that "Men Must Act" and Waldo Frank was charting the rough waters to come. Ralph Bates was dead sure that in the bleak climate of Neville Chamberlain's last spring the locomotive of history was moving straight into the sun. Now, when at last the ugly hordes of the Axis are being set back for the first time in a decade and a new world of free men is stirring, when despite all the admitted shadows, new suns are really rising, our liberal friends find it hard and unhappy. They challenge the war. But the real challenge is to themselves. Are they going to be part of the winning of this struggle and thus serve themselves and their fellow men in a cataclysmic moment of human progress? Or will they condemn themselves to the wost possible fate in these times—uselessness—when the world needs hard work?

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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THE WHISTLE BLEW ONCE

By Ruth McKenney

The children were in school when it sounded. "The timber went down and. . . ." Requiem for Luyskill. A day in the life of a Pennsylvania patch.

The following is a chapter from Ruth McKenney's forthcoming novel, "Jake Home," to be published by Harcourt Brace late next month.

AT DAWN, on Feb. 25, 1912, the Patch awoke. The woman lighted kerosene lamps and shook down the clinkers in the stove. The kids sat up in bed, scratching drowsily at their winter underwear, sewed on in November to stay, and by February right tickly. The men pulled on their work boots and their stiff pants.

At Jake Home's house, his mother filled the coffee pot with water and put it on to boil. The old dregs, used five times before, would still color the water a bit, but she wished the coffee had more strength. Two more days before pay-off, and hardly three cups of dried oats to last the whole family. And only a handful of potatoes and that jar of string beans she'd been saving.

Mrs. Home sighed. She cut a slice of bread off the dark, hard loaf, filled a bowl with thin gruel, and two cups with pale coffee. Pete Home came out of the back room, stopped at the wash basin, sopped his face in icy water, and sat down on the stool beside the table. Mrs. Home leaned heavily on the sink, and sipped her coffee. The Homes

did not speak to each other, not from anger, but for lack of words. Pete Home ate his bread slowly, made deliberate noises over his porridge. While he ate, Stevie, the baby, began to yowl. Mrs. Home spooned out some porridge, broke up a little bread in it. She walked into the other bedroom, returning in a moment with the baby in her arms. Her belly was so swollen with her eighth child she had to hold Stevie high in the crook of her elbow to feed him. While the child ate greedily, Joie and Kathleen came to the kitchen in their underwear, poured themselves the "coffee," cut bread and carried the food back to their bed, where there presently was a terrible battle-cry.

"Get your own coffee!" Mrs. Home roared. "Leave them alone that's already got up, and fed themselves."

The noise stopped. Mary appeared in the doorway, looking out from under her tangled hair carefully.

"Can't you ever stop screaming?" Pete Home said, in the direction of his cup.

Nobody answered. Mary scooted past her father and stood by the stove, warming her cold little bottom and sipping her coffee. Mrs. Home put the baby down on an ancient, springless couch, picked up a comb and started on Mary's snarls, scolding the little girl softly. The tone was tender. Mary smiled, and jerked to get another sip of the coffee.

Pete Home stood up. "I'm gone," he announced.

Mary said, "Goodbye, Papa." Mrs. Home nodded.

Jake came out to the kitchen as his father went to the door. Jake was fully dressed. His old pants, left over from Mr. Fagar's mining days, curled around his ankles and frayed at his knees. His jacket was plaid, but very old too, and slightly long in the sleeves. He had no shirt. The jacket was pinned neatly around his throat, however, and his costume was rather better than his shoes. Jake said, "Goodbye, Papa."

Pete Home looked at his red-haired son, and the automatic thought almost rose to his lips. "Can you beat it, having a son like that! Big as a giant and smarter than whips!"

But Jake's father did not answer his son's greeting. He raised his arm, in a half-hearted wave, and turned out into the damp, cold morning. Jake came to the door, and watched him marching stolidly down the Patch, raising his hand now and then as a neighbor joined the procession. In a few minutes, the whistle blew, shrieking into every corner of Luyskill, wiping out every other sound. It was seven o'clock. The day's work had begun.

THE children helped Martha Home clean up. Jake made both the beds. Reading in books had made him sensitive to dirt, and he shook out the blankets every morning and dried the splotches where Mary and Joie had wet. On Saturdays he washed the blankets sometimes, if he thought of it, and if there was any soap. But on this morning he just hung them over the stove, while he swept out the floor. Kathleen, coughing and dripping at the nose, did the dishes while he finished the beds, which wasn't a very fair division of labor, as there were only five cups, three bowls, six plates, and the stew pan. The coffee pot was left undisturbed, for lunch.

Mrs. Home dressed the younger children and combed hair and washed faces. She was feeling ill this morning, and weak, with hardly enough strength to get at the snarls and the ears. Jake made her lie down before he left for school and threatened Mary with a beating if she ran outside and didn't watch the baby. Kathleen and Joie paid little attention to their mother. They were used to her babies and her pains, and they had better things to do at school, including a current feud, of hair pulling and punches, bloody noses and vicious words, with the O'Neil clan. Jake hesitated in the door, with his books under his arm. Only the baby and Mary were in the kitchen. Paddy and Mike were engaged in some secret war in the second bedroom, for the teacher wouldn't have children six and seven years old. Jake worried, leaving his mother so poorly with only young brats to take care of her and Stevie. But she told him to go, to hurry, or he would be late.

The morning slipped quietly away, an ordinary morning in Luyskill. The women worked wearily in their dirty little shacks, sloshing clothes in water sprinkled with lye, peeling potatoes for the noon day meal, nursing the babies, scrubbing the floors. The storekeeper hobbled around his dark emporium, unpacking a new shipment of dried chick beans, long boot laces, and corn meal. Mrs. O'Neil went next door to borrow a drop of sugar from Mrs. Raymond. Mrs. Home turned on her hard bed, her nose offended by the smell of dried urine, her mind busy with the shoes Jake needed and the coat Stevie must have in another month or two.

In the schoolhouse the teacher heard the beginners recite. He held the McGuffey reader in his hand, and half listened, half dreamed of the day he would stand before a college class and say, "Good morning, gentlemen. I am Professor . . ." Robbie Finnerty pulled him out of the soft vision. Robbie said, "Teacher, what is de-lic-ious?"

The question brought Jake back from the book labeled *Elementary Botany*. *Elementary Botany* was a college book. The teacher had written away to his mother for his old school texts and Jake was half in high school now and half in Pennsylvania State Teachers College. Robbie's shrill little voice reminded him that he also did not know that word de-licious, and he listened to the teacher, marking the explanation on his mind, sorting the information, storing it away.

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The interruption finished, the teacher went back to his dream. Jake considered the names of several plants, and got out his Virgil to look up the words in the glossary. Nannie Farrell stood up, her book in her hand, to read breathlessly, "And then the little fox said . . ."

IT WAS 10:36, in Luyskill, Pennsylvania, Feb. 25, 1912. A tremor, like a distant clap of thunder, sounded in the Patch. The children stirred. The schoolmaster, feeling the sharp pause in the drowsy rhythm of his class, looked up. Mrs. Home stiffened on her bed, Mrs. O'Neil, reporting to Mrs. Raymond what Mrs. Home had said about the manager's wife, brought her ancient, stale tale to a sudden stop. Mr. Fagar straightened his back and stared out the door.

The noise ended. Nannie Farrell continued, "But the hunter replied, 'No, little fox . . .' "

The whistle blew, in one long shrieking blast, Doomsday.

The whistle was instantly recognized. Even the children knew it from the solemn stories they learned before they could remember, the stories that began, "I was just washing up for mama, that was in the old country you know (or that was in Schoolkill, you know, before I was married), and the whistle blew, it blew down the town almost, it sounded so loud. Well, it was papa. Your grandpa, honey. The timber went down and. . . ."

Yes, the children recognized the whistle, and marked it in their souls, memorizing the blast, the terrible shriek, blowing the requiem for Luyskill. And the women and Mr. Fagar and the fellows sleeping the dead sleep after the night shift, they needed no prod of remembered legend, they heard the whistle plain.

Luyskill heard the whistle. The people rose, not in hysterical haste, but swiftly, silently. The school master stood bent over his desk, his stomach cramped with fear, watching the children move, without word, to the coat pegs, and through the door. The older children helped the little ones with their jackets. There was no noise, no weeping, no crying out. The class rose and moved from the schoolhouse out to the Patch. Thus, without prompting or hesitation, the children of Luyskill slipped into the long, proud, agonized tradition of their fathers.

On the icy road to the shaft head, the children found their mothers. The women had taken up their babies, swaddled them in the bed-blankets, thrown a shawl over their heads and moved silently out of their houses. As their older children marched into place beside them, they spoke no word of greeting. The people of Luyskill went to the mine, their heads bent a little under the shriek of the whistle. In this procession Jake took his place, a little behind Mary, in case she should stumble, and close to his mother, for fear the whistle blast should unseat the child in her belly and bring on the birth pangs.

The people gathered at the shaft head. The whistle still screamed, so close now the sound pierced. Jake saw Mr. Fagar limping to his side. The whistle stopped. In the terrible silence, Kathleen strangled and coughed, and Jake heard Mr. Fagar wheeze with pain.

Mr. McDowell walked out of his office. His face was strained, and his hands fumbled in his jacket. He knew the people of Luyskill would call him Cain from this day on, and he knew they were right. He knew that the women standing before him were rehearsing in their minds the words their men had said for months, "It ain't worth a man's life any more, the damned company cheatin' on the timber, mark my words, there's trouble comin'."

Well, Mr. McDowell thought, the company did cheat on the timber. Coal is cheaper without so much timber. And what would they say now, these women, when they found the pumps didn't work? And the air shafts full of blocks?

Mr. McDowell's hand moved over the smooth gold of his watch chain. The young fellows up in the dorm, now, they left months ago. A man can't leave, of course, if he has a wife and a bunch of kids living in the Patch. Mr. McDowell looked out blankly into the crowd and asked himself, well, why did I stay? Cheat on the timber, pass the inspector his little tight roll of twenties. Why?

Well. Now they would call him Cain. Once he had been a proud one, those were the days he studied in school and took Louise out of her rich house. But now he listened humbly when the Company snapped out orders. Timber. Don't bother with pumps. Bribes for the passing inspector. And Louise . . . Mr. McDowell cleared his throat, making a loud, deliberate sound. The people of Luyskill looked directly into his face. "There has been an accident."

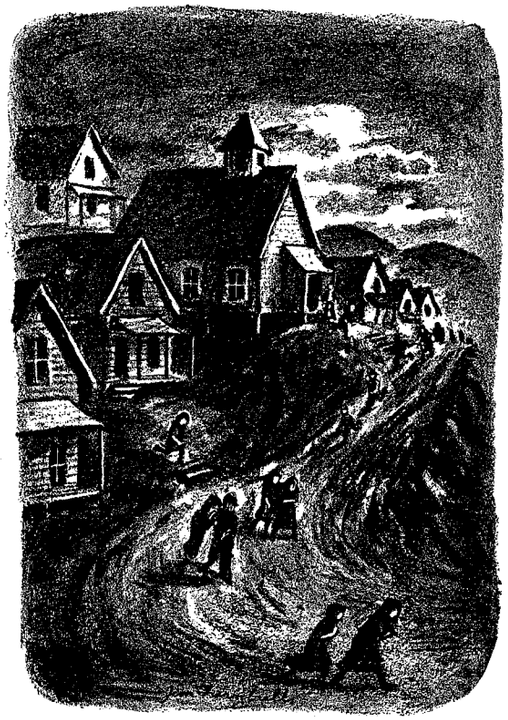
No one even murmured. "We will need people to send to Dillon for the doctor and for the necessary supplies. And also men to begin the . . ." Mr. McDowell paused. Then he said, with difficulty, for his lips were stiff, "To begin the rescue work."

Mr. McDowell stared at the miners from the night shift. "I must warn you," he said wearily, "you undertake this difficult and dangerous work, at your own risk."

THE night shift miners moved impassively to the shaft, where they unfastened the ropes on the lift and began to talk among themselves, discussing deliberately what must be done. The women backed away from the shaft, to avoid the miners' words. The children moved with their mothers except the older boys, like Jake. Jake listened gravely. Mr. McDowell stood beside him, nodding his head now and then, putting in a word. The conference ended in a few moments. The miners took tools from the office and disappeared underground.

The women organized the watch, after the traditional manner. Mr. Fagar brought out coffee, which Mr. McDowell signed for, and some of the women built a fire near the shaft and made kettles of strong brew. Mr. Fagar also brought bread and cheese. The company, it was understood, must feed the rescue squad.

Mrs. Home went back to the Patch, with the smaller children and about half the women. The afternoon grew cold, and Mrs. Home spelled Mrs. O'Neil at the coffee pot. In the early evening, the help from Dillon arrived in three buggies and a White steamer. The White steamer might have made a sensation in Luyskill, but even the little boys sensed that it could not be examined or jeered at or regarded with awe, not now. The White steamer brought the company doctor and two nurses, also a big box of medicine. The first buggy brought the company's Dillon lawyer and two adjusters. The second buggy brought three newspapermen.



The newspapermen circulated in the Patch. Their first questions brought the story—the company was cheating on timber. One of them made a list of names of the men still missing. O'Neil, Home, Raymond, Farrell, and so on—eighteen. The children told their names, too, and their ages. The newspapermen wrote down: Pete Home, aged thirty-six; wife, Martha Home, aged twenty-eight. Children: Jake, eleven; Joseph, ten; Kathleen, nine; Patrick, eight; Michael, seven; Mary, four; and Stephen, nearly two. Also another very much on the way.

After the newspapermen went through the Patch, the company lawyer appeared. Again, all the names were written down. Pete Home, aged thirty-six. . . . But the children were sullen to the company lawyer while their mothers wrung their hands nervously and fawned a little. Insurance? Insurance! Well, if a man had enough to get a bite to eat . . . ! What? Well, I don't know if he signed a paper saying the company wasn't responsible. Responsible? What's that?

All this writing down of names and ages took up the early hours of the evening. At ten

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o'clock it began to rain, turning soon to sleet. Mrs. Home went to bed, because of her condition, but she and Jake were back at the shaft head at dawn. They stood, over the fire. They heard the lift coming up again, how many times was this?

Mrs. Home knew the moment she saw Frank Rickert's face. He looked right at her, a long look. She stepped forward to meet him. Jake trembled. Frank took Mrs. Home's hands. "It's all over, Martha."

He had never called her Martha before, but now out of compassion, he used the name.

Jake said, "But you can't tell yet. Maybe he is alive yet, you can't tell."

The miner looked down at the boy, and when Jake saw his look, he knew, too, that it was all over.

Frank said, "Martha, he lived for some time yesterday. He thought of you when he died." The miner reached in his pocket and pulled out a fragment of slate. Scratched on the soft surface were the words, "Goodbye Martha and Jake." The writing was uncertain, but you could make those words out plain, "Goodbye Martha and Jake."

Goodbye Martha and Jake. Goodbye. Jake walked in the cold, his mother dragging on his arm, saying it over and over, the words scrawled and uncertain but still plain.

When they walked into the house, the other children were up. "Papa is dead," Jake said, and now at last, Martha Home wept. She lay on the hard bed, and the children gathered around her, Stevie in her arms, and Jake holding her hand, and thus alone and shielded from strangers, the Home family mourned Papa, and Martha wept for her man, her life, her love.

THERE was another ceremony, but Mrs. Home was excused from it, for the child in her womb stirred and gave her pain. Jake went to the mine shaft for the family, about noon that second day. The bodies were brought up on the lift, four at a time. The sun shone but the people of Luyskill stood with their heads down, as though it were still sleeting. The stretchers waited by the lift, and after each body was dragged onto its canvas support, Mr. McDowell called out the name. "Patrick O'Neil." A pause. "James Farrell." A pause. "Peter Home."

Jake stepped forward. The blanket was turned back and he looked into the face of a dead man, his father. But it could not be Papa, not Papa, with the blood caked on his face, and the skin almost purple, and the eyes goggling, this dead man lying in the attitude of awful agony, this could not be Papa.

"Is it Peter Home?" Mr. McDowell said.

Jake said, "Yes," in a loud tone, and turned away. He felt a touch on his shoulder . . . Mr. Fagar.

The other ceremony, the very last one, was not so hard. Martha Home bore her eighth child the day of the funeral, so Kathleen was left to wipe her face and hand her a glass of water, also to look after Stevie who had a bad cold. Mrs. O'Neil would come in after the burying to see to the mother and the little girl—only a handful, a wonder that it lived.

Jake led his sisters and brothers to the church. Even the priest had come, for after all, it was in the papers and everybody knew about Luyskill, Pennsylvania. The church was crowded with all the coffins, there was hardly room for anybody to stand. Jake let Mary and Paddy, who also sniffled, into the church and he and Joe and Mike stood outside, in the doorway. Jake was worried, for fear he would not know what to do, but it turned out well, for he just watched the others, and poked Joe who poked Mike, and the Home children stood up and knelt and crossed themselves very properly, just as Papa would have liked it.

In the cemetery, up beyond Mr. McDowell's house on the slope, there was an unfortunate happening. The priest intoned the Latin words, so rapidly Jake could not understand him. As he swung a little staff over the huge grave holding the eighteen coffins, little Mrs. Raymond, the bride of not quite a year, turned to the manager and shrieked, "You! You killed my Joe."

The women surrounded her and covered up her cries. But just as the priest finished and the men hefted their shovels to begin filling in, Mrs. Raymond broke away from her weeping friends and threw herself into the grave. Sprawled across the coffins, she clawed at the wood with her fingers and screamed.

Jake watched Frank Rickert clamber down the muddy earth walls of the great grave and pick up Mrs. Raymond. She sobbed and held her breath and sobbed again. When Frank touched her, she shuddered and hung onto her husband's coffin with both hands, displaying great strength for her small size. Frank finally had to jerk hard to lift her up to her brother at the edge of the pit. She seemed to faint as her brother carried her to his buggy, and Jake saw that her limp hands were bleeding from wood splinters.

When Mrs. Raymond was out of sight, the men filled in the grave, working fast. The mourners watched until the grave was a smooth mound of mud. Then everyone went slowly back to the Patch.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Jim Turnbull

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THE FARMER WANTS A PLAN

"Food will fight for us around the world," Secretary Wickard said. Full output is the primary farm problem today. Anna Rochester suggests a plan for top-notch production.

"THE food that you produce will fight for us around the world," Secretary of Agriculture Wickard told the New York regional meeting of farm representatives on December 16. "Next year, and in the years that follow, we can't produce too much of the essential farm products. In fact we can't produce enough to meet all of the demands for American food. We will have our hands full producing enough to meet the most essential needs."

Full production is the primary farm problem today. In spite of the yelpings of some noisy reactionaries in the national leadership of the Farm Bureau and the Grange, the farmers' prices are in general temporarily favorable. But the basic problems of all-out war production on the land have not been solved. They are bound up with larger questions of a centralized war economy; with planning for adequate equipment and materials; with an all-over picture of the true manpower situation. Federal measures are involved, and with the new Congress (more than ever before) united action by all win-the-war forces will be urgently needed.

PRODUCTION goals set by the Department of Agriculture for 1943 are higher than the record figures for 1942. They stress the foods of major value in the wartime diet and call for all the milk that can be produced, more meat and eggs, more feed grains to support increased livestock production, more poultry and more dry beans and peas to supplement the short meat supply, more vegetables, more oil crops, and long staple cotton. Military and lend-lease requirements in 1943 will double the volume so used in 1942, taking about one-fourth the total farm output.

This year brought a record farm output which will not be just casually or automatically repeated—much less, surpassed—in 1943. Exceptionally good weather of the past two years is not expected to continue. Farmers, farmers' sons, and hired workers have been leaving the land at such a rate that the total working force on farms will be smaller by 1,000,000 in July 1943, than it was last summer. Commercial fertilizers will be short of nitrogen, needed for war explosives. Insecticides including copper or the imported pyrethrum or rotenone will be hard to obtain. Replacement and expansion of farm equipment will be strictly limited, since production was lowered this past year and a very sharp cut in output is ordered for 1943.

In spite of these difficulties, farm production can be increased. Problems can be solved by determined organized effort. The record of 1942 was due chiefly to the weather. Possibilities of increasing productivity by systematic nationwide effort have not yet been tried. Let us take up one by one a few of the most obvious points for constructive action.

TIED in with the Department of Agriculture is a nationwide network of County War Boards. Each of these includes the county agent of the Department and a few well-to-do farmers. The War Boards are direct successors to the AAA committees concerned with crop restrictions, and in many places they are held back by the ghost of the old scarcity program. They are now responsible for allotting the new production goals, and they will play an increasingly important role in the rationing of very short supplies of new farm equipment.

Although these War Boards might be a tremendous power for stimulating production and rousing the farmers, most of them are functioning in a routine, formal manner. Why not transform them into live units of action, to stir the farmers' desire to produce more?

Two measures would go a long way toward activating these boards, which certainly occupy a strategic position in relation to the farmers. They should be immediately reorganized on a genuinely democratic basis, to include freely elected representatives of the smaller and medium sized farms. And they should have much more definite guidance from Washington, showing them—now, without delay and with some detail—the importance of their positive role in the war economy.

Already assisting in the rationing of new farm machinery, the County War Boards should go one step further and see to it that every item of farm equipment is utilized to its utmost capacity. We are all used to seeing some farms where a full battery of mechanical equipment stands idle part of the time and other farms with little or no machinery. (Even in the Great Plains of the Middle West, there was not a single state in 1940 where so many as two-thirds of the farmers owned a tractor.) Is it not obvious that when a farmer is unable to use his equipment throughout the full season for which it is adapted, war economy requires that he shall put his idle equipment to work on some other man's farm? Several communities have already demonstrated that community planning for exchange of labor and machinery can greatly increase the total local output.

To obtain the maximum production which is imperatively needed, the County War Boards should take the lead in surveying the local unused farm machine capacity and organize the community for making part-time machines available for full-time productive use. This could be done most effectively if local farm conferences were held in the near future and planting schedules were agreed upon so that several farms could stagger their work within the limits of seasonal changes.

Closely connected with such maximum use of farm equipment is community responsibility for repair facilities. The Department of Agriculture has already given timely assistance in some localities where the garage or the blacksmith has been short of metals, parts, etc. In other places where the local repair man has been called to the army or departed to war industry, federal funds have been made available for a public repair center. A few federally owned mobile repair units are already at work.

Every County War Board should be fully informed about the possibilities of such federal assistance and see to it that no community is held below maximum production by shortage of repair facilities.

The War Production Board has already arranged for increasing the stockpile of spare parts for farm machinery. Whether the quotas now allowed for manufacture of new farm equipment represent a fair balance between the needs of essential agriculture and the needs for converting farm equipment plants to war industry, no layman could venture to judge. But it is all too clear that current demands for raising the quotas are in grave danger of being settled by financial pressure and corporations' bargaining for strategic positions in postwar industry, not by a scientific weighing of needs in our war economy as a whole.

PAUL V. MCNUTT, director of the War Manpower Commission, now has the authority to allocate manpower among military forces, war industries, agriculture, and other essential civilian activities. He is responsible for "providing labor needed for essential agriculture." Much will depend upon his definition of essential agriculture.

Already it has been stated that necessary workers (whether farmer, farm family, or hired labor) on farms which meet a certain minimum standard of size and which are producing basic necessary products will be deferred from the draft. It is implied also that they may not leave the farm for a war industry, for if they do, the draft board is empowered to call back the former farm worker and send him into the army. This does not solve the problem.

From the viewpoint of the small farmer, the present definition of "essential" farm may be positively disastrous. According to the Farm Security Administration, one of the best ways to increase production would be to aid 1,500,000 underemployed farmers with enough new equipment and livestock to make their small farms a full-time job with a larger output. On this issue a battle was fought in Congress last summer. Labor forces, together with the National Farmers Union, supported the Farm Security Administration. And while

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they rescued the FSA from the complete annihilation demanded by reactionaries clustered about the "farm bloc," they did not succeed in obtaining the funds required for raising the output of underemployed farmers.

In this new definition of "essential" farms, a limited time is allowed for enlargement of below-standard farms, but no funds are provided for the necessary assistance. The FSA proposals should be revived and carried through. Otherwise the productive possibilities of hundreds of thousands of small farms will be lost to agriculture instead of being developed and expanded. For some farmers such expansion would involve their shifting from very poor land to the good soil of farms recently abandoned in considerable numbers.

From the viewpoint of the wage worker recent rulings are not satisfactory since they include no standard of wages or working conditions and tend to freeze the farm worker's wages at a substandard level. Director James F. Byrnes of the Office of Economic Stabilization has made it plain that wage ceilings in force for industrial workers do not apply to farm workers. But insofar as workers are frozen to their jobs they have difficulty in obtaining any increase.

For migrant seasonal laborers, the Farm Security Administration has made a small beginning toward improving their conditions of work. This past year, for example, our government negotiated an agreement with Mexico for importing Mexican field workers under labor standards drafted by the FSA. Large Arizona cotton-growers won their niche in the Hall of Infamy by letting long-staple cotton—badly needed for war textiles—rot in the fields rather than pay a thirty cents an hour minimum promised in this agreement.

Much more remains to be done. The whole problem of seasonal manpower is bound up not only with very bad working conditions but also with the haphazard distribution of a not unlimited labor supply.

Earl Browder, in his brilliant and constructive analysis of war production problems, at the recent National Conference of the Communist Party, suggested a further development of farm labor measures carried out successfully on a small scale by the FSA. The government might set up an organization of labor service through voluntary labor battalions for seasonal farm work. Instead of furnishing individual workers to individual enterprises (as the US Employment Service has done to some extent) groups of workers would be available for labor under a community plan. Conditions of living and working would be standardized and controlled.

Such an arrangement would be more efficient and more satisfactory to farmers and to farm volunteers than haphazard efforts to recruit students and women and cash in on their patriotism. To put through the plan in a manner worthy of a people's war, organized labor should have definite representation in its management, so that labor battalions may be recruited and employed not only under fair conditions but on a democratic basis. And in all matters of community effort for the best use of available manpower on the land, County War Boards could play a decisive local role.

FOR stimulating the farmers' desire to increase production, other immediate measures are essential. Farmers who remember the terrific crash which followed the boom of World War I hesitate now to expand production in any way that involves increase of debt. They are more inclined to reduce their fixed obligations than to use present favorable cash returns for expansion of output. The Department of Agriculture is said to be launching a program to support prices "for the duration," and for two years after the war, on all farm products which are considered most essential to the war needs. This program will probably be hitched to the parity standard, and any such guarantee would not reassure the farmer in relation to his medium- and long-term debts. For parity is a relative term, which rises and falls primarily with the prices of commodities bought by farmers. Also the farmer, judging by his experience in 1920-21, might well fear that a two-year postwar support would be withdrawn just when it was most urgently needed. Government assurance of price stability after the war should be more adequate than the plans that appear now to be in preparation.

Further, the farmers are told that the United Nations are pledged to international economic cooperation after the war. Such cooperation would unquestionably reenforce any government promise of postwar price stability, since the farmers will benefit greatly from uninterrupted international trade. But to give this pledge substance, we must demonstrate now, in the midst of war, the reality of cooperation on an equal basis among all the democratic powers. The future can only grow out of the present.

Working farmers themselves have a great responsibility in determining the course of the future. By insisting on adequate price guarantees they increase their own participation in the war program. To make these guarantees a reality, farmers (and also wage workers) have a strong interest in the broad war policies of the government. For at the present time paper guarantees on postwar relationships—whether for prices or for the terms of peace and international trade—are not significant except as they point the way to action by the people themselves. By winning the war while they are also increasing active popular participation in government—and only thus—can the farmers protect their future interest.

LIFTING the farmers' anxiety over the future of markets and prices is only one part of the story. Now, immediately, two government measures could help greatly in stimulating the farmers' desire for increased production. First, the Department of Agriculture might well substitute for the flat benefit payments, now allowed on basic crops, an incentive payments plan scaled to encourage the greatest possible increase over last year's output from each acre under cultivation. (This need not conflict with the other flat benefits to those who carry out certain soil conservation practices.) For livestock products, the subsidies now being granted to maintain high farm prices without raising the cost of living could be adjusted on a sliding scale to encourage a higher yield of milk per cow or of meat per hog or per head of cattle. Such increases in output per acre or per unit of livestock might also be considered in rationing the limited supply of new equipment.

Also, the government must take responsibility for assuring to the smaller farmers equality of opportunity in reaching the market and obtaining fair returns for their products. Where cooperative outlets are serving the larger farms, they should be made accessible to the smaller producers. Where local facilities for trucking are breaking down, the government must step in and provide reasonable transportation services. In general, the government must feel its responsibility in the war economy for fair prices and convenient outlets to all producers of essential farm products. This will mean battles with entrenched monopoly middlemen. But such battles cannot be evaded in an economy geared to win.

AND of course the farm sector of our economy needs to be coordinated with other sectors under centralized planning and control. The basic principle of over-all planning is opposed by the national leaders of the principal farm organizations. The recent Farm Bureau convention, with its large-farm delegations, denounced "Roosevelt regimentation" and few voices were raised in protest. Within the ranks of the Bureau, however, it is apparent that many members are becoming increasingly critical of the negative policies pursued by the leadership—anti-Roosevelt, anti-labor, anti-price control, anti-FSA, which all adds up to anti-dirt farmer. These members recognize the absence of any positive win-the-war program, but aside from the Ohio state organization of the Farm Bureau, there has been no active support for such measures as the Tolan-Pepper bills which would establish centralized administration of our entire economy. Among national farm organizations only the relatively small National Farmers Union has endorsed these bills. Also the important (unaffiliated) Farmers Union of the New York Milkshed gives them unqualified support.

Parallel with the question of planning for adequate equipment and necessary manpower on the land is the problem of rousing in the farmers themselves a compelling desire for all-out production. Farmers are no less patriotic than the rest of us. Their sons are fighting on a dozen fronts, on land, at sea, and in the air. But the appeasers have worked hard to cover up the desperate seriousness of the struggle, to sow distrust toward our allies, and to incite farmers against the workers. They can best be combated by helping the farmer find solutions for the problems he faces in regard to manpower, equipment, transportation, and marketing, solutions which are likewise essential for maximum production of food to win.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

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A RAT RAN ACROSS THE STAGE

I DON'T recall when he flatfooted into our lives, but it happened back around 1912 or so, when we used to go to a ramshackle movie in the little Pennsylvania town along the Delaware River. The movie-house called itself the Paramount but we used to call it the Rathouse. I believe it was a nickel admission for kids, and often, when the kind-hearted brunette was in the ticket booth, two of us could make it on a nickel. We dubbed it that inelegant nickname because once in a while, at least once during a performance, a huge river rat would run across the stage, its shadow enormous in the spotlight.

Usually we didn't mind the rat too much, because he seemed to be minding his own business, and besides the magic camera made us forget plenty of things in that smoky, dingy town which we nonetheless loved and which we called home. But we did resent the rat when he chose the climax of a picture in which to make his debut, and he seemed to possess an uncanny instinct for picking the wrong time to squeal across the footlights. How we hissed and booed whenever he made his appearance as though to say that this was all make-believe and what the hell are you paupers doing here anyway, trying to have a good time.

THE movie was a boon to us, dwellers along the riverside, near the big shipyard and the textile mill. I remember the men of the mills and their wives making their way to the Rathouse twice a week, to snag a few hours of relief from the grinding hours of work and from the monotony of dishwashing. And when the little man with the cane and the flatfoot would shuffle across the screen, dodge his multitudinous enemies, skid up one side of the street and down the other, pursuing his will-o'-the-wisp joys which always seemed to elude him, he won our hearts completely. There was a sense of identification with this pathetic little man with the holes in the seat of his trousers, the little fellow who dreamed of a square meal or a warm bed or surcease from the bewhiskered cops. I can still see him as I saw him then, fleeing down a long, lonely road, his pathetic figure fading in the horizon before the film flashed "The End."

THAT road has led into 1943 and Charlie has come a long way from the Keystone days. Wealth has come his way, and fame, but he still belongs to the people. To millions of Americans he is Charlie, a figure as beloved as Huckleberry Finn. I remember in France it was Charlot and in Spain Carlos, and I have seen whole performances in Mexico City where the Indian kids would chortle with delight at Chaplin's universal qualities. He became what the Germans used to call a *Volkmensch* before Goebbels emptied his mauser into the concept, and what the Soviets today call a People's Artist. He belongs to the world—his art is universal.

I shall never forget seeing his *City Lights* and *Modern Times*—those magnificent comments on today's life—while I was in a Madrid movie house and the guns from Mt. Garabitas were thundering in the suburbs. I'll not forget how the Madrilenos stood block-long in line for the show while the shells arched overhead. And when I came home there was *The Great Dictator*—a film certain people never liked because it had "propaganda," because Charlie made a speech which somehow, we were told, negated his consummate art. Do you remember that noble speech and its call for universal brotherhood? Do you recall its cosmic scorn of Hitlerism?

Well, one of those who didn't like it was somebody by the name of Westbrook Pegler.

I THOUGHT of the old Paramount, the other day, the old "Rathouse" when I read two pieces by Westbrook Pegler calling for Chaplin's deportation. The pieces were a conglomerate of personal insult and brassy arrogance which have become the well recognized property of this sour gent. One could, however, overlook his disposition, unpleasant as that may be, if he did not represent something more sinister. Every clean living thing seems to be his game and he does not hesitate to gun for any man, woman, or tendency which runs counter to his kluxer instincts. But "instincts" is the wrong word. There is more than soured endocrines or ill functioning thyroids at the bottom of this man's behavior. There is reason in his gall. Scan the program of the recent "negotiated-peace" convention of the National Association of Manufacturers and you will discover the Pegler inspiration; read the ravings of Gerald L. K. Smith and you will encounter the notoriously familiar words of Westbrook Pegler. This self-styled advocate of "individual initiative" has never expressed an idea that did not leap from the brain of isolationist Roy Howard.

And now he wants Charlie Chaplin deported because Charlie was un-American enough to express the same sentiments as did General MacArthur ("Upon the worthy banners of the Red Army rest the hopes of civilization") or the sentiments of Generals Clark, Hartle, and others, who called for a second front on the European continent—or Sumner Welles, who urged the unity of all nations and of all within the nations who want Hitler destroyed. Or President Roosevelt, who said the other day that the world's salvation lies in United Nations after the war as well as before the peace.

In delivering his splenetic plea for Chaplin's deportation, Pegler transforms the great comedian into a "has been"; the American people who went "crazy over him" are "just suckers." Where did we hear that kind of stuff before? Wasn't it in a certain country where the author of *Die Lorelei* is expunged from the books and "the suckers" aren't allowed to listen to Mendelssohn? And where the books of Sinclair Lewis, Franz Boas, Jack London, and others like them were burned in a heap? And isn't that the country where a movie-man's life wouldn't be worth a plugged pfennig if he tried to show a Chaplin picture?

Isn't that the country where a favorite contemporary stage character says "When I hear the word culture, I reach for my revolver"? I know that the Sullivan act prevents Mr. Pegler from reaching for his mauser when he hears that dirty word, culture, but I can see him grabbing for his seidlitz powders.

WELL, well, I thought after I read those two columns on Chaplin, "This is where I came in." I remembered the old Rathouse where I first saw Charlie Chaplin's pictures and the big rat that used to run across the stage. How we used to hiss and boo when it would squeal across the footlights as though to say what the hell are you paupers doing here anyway, trying to have a good time.

We used to shoo him off the stage and go on with the picture. Charlie, old friend, please go on with the picture.

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HOW OUR ALLY PLANNED IT

Albert Rhys Williams, an eye-witness like John Reed, of the October Revolution, brings his observations up to date in his latest book "The Russians." The basis for the Soviet stand.

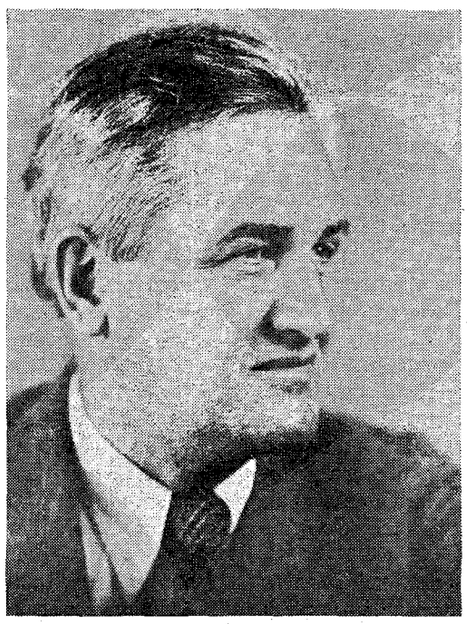
THE new year in books opens with a bang. This first week of 1943 offers literary as well as military cause for celebration. It marks the publication of Albert Rhys Williams' *The Russians* (Harcourt, Brace; $2), a thoughtful, informed, persuasive volume that should do for the coming year what *The Soviet Power* and *Mission to Moscow* did for 1941 and 1942. Briefly and simply the book illuminates the twenty-five-year background of the present Soviet offensive.

Few Americans are as well equipped to explain this background. Since 1917 Mr. Williams has studied at first hand the ideas and institutions, the people and the land of the Soviet Union. An eye-witness, like John Reed, of the October Revolution, he saw Lenin climb to the platform of the Smolny and heard him quietly address the council delegates: "We will now take up the business of building the Socialist State." He has observed this stupendous process of construction in the factories and on collective farms. For eighteen months he lived in Kvalinsk on the Volga. He made long journeys from the White Sea to the Caucasus. Shortly before the war, he revisited the land which he had come to know in different periods of its miraculous transformation under socialism. And he has recorded his impressions in several books, including *The Russian Land, Through the Russian Revolution,* and *The Soviets.*

BASED as it is on authentic experience and honest inquiry, *The Russians* does not differ in its main conclusions from the reports of other fair-minded observers like Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Ambassador Davies, or the Dean of Canterbury. It would be useful to summarize these conclusions again: the profoundly democratic character of Soviet life; the vast economic advance under socialism; the disappearance of racial and national antagonism among 189 peoples enjoying equal rights and privileges; the regeneration of culture, the elimination of disease that once ravaged the country, the total emancipation of women, and so on. But it is equally important to dwell on the specific aspects of the book which throw light on our own immediate war problems. For in addition to understanding our great ally (really understanding and not merely praising), we must learn from the Soviets, as they have always been ready to learn from us. What, then, can our capitalist democracy, retaining as it must in this war the basic structure of capitalism, learn from a socialist democracy which has fought the common enemy with such unparalleled success?

Mr. Williams provides a number of important suggestions, even though this is not the main purpose of his book. In the first instance, there is the problem of production. Back in 1936 (which is already ages ago), Ordjonikidze told the Soviet directors of heavy industry: "Don't boast, comrades! If you ever want to surpass America you must make a study of this America. At the present time, if you please, labor productivity over there is three times as high as in our country." In 1943, faced with the complex issues of a war economy, we do well to examine some factors that account for the tremendous acceleration of production in the face of a powerful invasion.

CENTRAL planning is of course the key. For instance, evacuation of industry from invaded territory to the East was not a hastily improvised measure. So-called "shadow plants" had been prepared, complete in everything but the machinery. When the evacuated machines were moved to their new homes, in many cases they actually went faster "thanks to better planning of new shops, the rationalizing of processes, the introduction of later models." Whether or not we need to prepare for this specific contingency, the principle of mobility that it involves cannot be postponed for last-minute emergencies. And such resourcefulness is impossible without the full participation of the trade unions in the planning enterprise. The Soviet trade unions, Mr. Williams emphasizes, "are not, as the critics contend, simply organs for regimenting workers so that they will passively carry out the policies of the state. They take an active and continuous part in the creation of those policies as well as in the execution of them." The Soviet unions are an integral part of the Planning Boards. In full collaboration with plant management they work out production goals and techniques.



Albert Rhys Williams

The emergency task of plant conversion and retraining workers has fallen to the unions. The unions are concerned with better housing, food, and health, "in wartime more than ever." They participate in boards and commissions to settle disputes between the men and management, or between unions. They encourage extra work during the war emergency—with time and a half for overtime—mapping out techniques for maximum production and minimum strain.

Similarly, the public health program has been intensified in the war situation. At the front, Chief Surgeon Burdenko reports, Red Army doctors and nurses have been able to save ninety percent of the wounded and restore to active service about seventy percent, five times as many as in the last war. In 1913 there were 23,000 physicians; today there are 140,000. And the principle of mobility operates here too. For rapid population shifts require the redistribution of health experts from one area to another. For example, as millions of people were evacuated to the East, bacteriologists, sanitarians, and physicians accompanied them, so that despite congestion and exposure no serious epidemic has broken out.

ASSIGNING full equality and responsibility to women is an indispensable measure of national defense, as we are beginning to discover in still limited ways. Even before the war, half of the Soviet doctors were women; 10,000,000 were members of trade unions. A third of the scientists, a fourth of the People's Judges, a fifth of the deputies to the Supreme Soviet, a fifth of the engineers of large-scale industry, were women.

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And these figures are no doubt already considerably out of date. Full participation of women in industry is made possible by the nurseries and schools that are available in factory areas.

At a time when the enemies of our war effort are ganging up on the schools, it is worth noting that the younger generation in the Soviet Union is still being urged, in Lenin's words, to do three things: "First, study! Second, study hard! Third, study still more and still harder." While the engineers were setting up transplanted machinery in the East, thousands of teachers and students were setting up new schools. Labor Reserve Schools have been set up to meet war needs and create a skilled labor reserve for industry, the building trades, and transport. "Boys and girls over fourteen are supported wholly by the government as they are educated. Out of these courses, 1,400,000 have been graduated to take the place of men called into the army." And these necessary vocational courses are combined with general courses in science, literature, and history.

One little girl complained bitterly that, in the midst of the great patriotic war, her studies seemed dreary and her tasks humdrum. Her mother replied:

"Your classroom is the front. Your country, for which you are so eager to give your life, needs literate, educated people. Hitler would like you to close your books. You want to strike a blow at him? Strike him with the excellence of your studies. Your heroism will be manifest in your ability to study even though war is thundering about you. Summers, you will help on the farm. Drive your tractor as though it were a tank. The earth you dig is Hitler's grave. You say that you read to the little ones and that it is nothing. On the contrary, your tender care of children separated from their parents is a bullet that makes the Nazis suffer. You want to be a hero? You can be one, little daughter, wherever you are."

Growing vegetables, filling sandbags, serving as roof-watchers, practicing with hand grenades—these too are a part of the Soviet child's education. It is obviously important for the child's morale to give him an opportunity to participate in the defense of his country.

For the sake of victory, we need to take stock of these Russian achievements and study their application to America today. It is a profound error, a disastrous one, to assume that we need a new society to conduct the war in such terms. We not only can, we must plan our production, our health program, our schooling; and it is only the defeatist sections of the capitalist class and the panicky sections of the liberals who deny this.

And only these will doubt Mr. Williams' concluding chapters on the splendid opportunities for a civilized postwar world in which the Soviet Union and the United States can cooperate with other nations for peaceful and productive international relations. In the fields of planning, social security, and nationality, writes Mr. Williams, the Russians can contribute much expert knowledge and experience. "Live up to our obligations as partners and allies and they will do likewise. In the last analysis what the Russians do after the war depends largely on what we do during the war." And this, one might add, depends in turn on our sincere understanding of the Russians and our wholehearted participation with them in the destruction of our enemy. To this end, Albert Rhys Williams' *The Russians* is a notable contribution on this momentous new year that opens before us.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

France: 1940

PRIMER FOR COMBAT, *by Kay Boyle. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.*

KAY BOYLE is an American-born writer who went to France in 1922 at the age of nineteen and remained abroad until after the Nazi occupation of France. *Primer for Combat* is her first book to be written in America. It is a work of fiction that is very close to fact—to the recent facts of the occupation of France and, presumably, to the facts of Miss Boyle's experience during her last months in Europe. The story is told in the form of a diary, in which an American woman, Phyl, records what the armistice between France and Germany means to her village, her friends, her husband, her family, her lover, the people she meets, sees, or hears about between the time of the armistice and her departure for America three months later.

The narrative backbone for the vignettes, character sketches, incidents, and anecdotes with which the diary is crammed is the story of Phyl's love for Wolfgang, an Austrian ski instructor who has enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in Africa in preference to internment in a French concentration camp for anti-fascists. Phyl's efforts to make sure that his release will mean taking a stand against fascism and against the Vichy government finally fail. Wolfgang is the husband of a god-daughter of Petain, and it is her "way out"—the way of collaboration—that he chooses.

I am certain that the many, many individuals from all classes that one meets or hears about in this book had for their prototypes living people. And the multiple details about what went on after the occupation—the forms and shapes that the dislocation and disaster of the French people took—are known to have their root in fact. Yet *Primer for Combat* has the curious effect of making terribly near events and terribly real people seem remote and often unreal. Certain things, indeed, so shock the senses that they have the quality of a wild dream and are not to be believed—for the moment. But that is not the quality of the "unreality" of Miss Boyle's book. The fact is that in *Primer for Combat* the experience of the French people between June and October, 1940, is not delivered to us with any real immediacy. What Miss Boyle writes of is seen through a mist. And it is a mist that is increasingly irritating; it does not belong to the time and the place and the people that the reader is trying to find behind it.

There is evidence that Miss Boyle, too, was irritated by this self-spun stuff between her and her subject. In her attitude there is a seriousness which exempts her completely from attack on the grounds of superficiality of approach, of any grave ignorance of the major events she deals with. Intellectually, she has experienced a real awakening in many important respects. Like millions of others, she is suddenly looking at the world with new eyes. As a writer, however, she is still caught in her old pattern, and try as she will it is this pattern that controls what she writes. Try as she will it is the habit of the past that dictates what she communicates of the present.

Miss Boyle faces a sharp reevaluation not only of the world she has been living in but of the way she has been looking at it. For the failure of *Primer for Combat* proves the hopelessness of approaching human experience from a chiefly esthetic point of view. And Miss Boyle's work in the past has shown that her primary talents were in this direction. A perfectionist of style, almost a gourmet of sense impressions—for her, all experiences whether of the senses or of the mind went first through the severe and narrow door of esthetic judgment. In communicating certain limited kinds of experience, Miss Boyle was very much at home, and, within these limits, successful. But in trying to translate an experience that *cannot* be evaluated esthetically first—if at all—an experience from which the tenacious habit of her mind cannot release her at once, Miss Boyle is beyond her depth. So tragedy in her hands becomes pathos.

It must be repeated that the writer is aware of her own dilemma. The most real element in this record is her struggle to reorient herself. "I wish only to act, not reflect, in a world gone crazy with action," Phyl writes. Yet she mostly reflects, and mostly it is in the old way; she is in the thick of new and agonizing experiences, but she savors, tastes, even rolls on the esthetic tongue experiences that she knows intellectually cannot be assimilated in this, the old way. Nevertheless, Miss Boyle (or her heroine) does win through to one firm and inevitable position. "'. . . I'm so cold from the realization of the choice that is offered,' I said. 'For years one goes on believing that everything is complex, one gives everything a

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thousand different interpretations, but in the end you come to see there are only two interpretations: there is the interpretation of life in which you believe and the interpretation in which you do not believe, and there is nothing else offered. And now, after all these years, I see it, and it is like having to take an examination, an examination for which you are not quite prepared.' "

Miss Boyle has made her choice against fascism. And to choose to write her way into, and partly out of, her personal dilemma, in a world in which this choice can no longer be merely a literary exercise, is perfectly justifiable. But whether or not she was "quite prepared" for her "examination"—and in the chief matter she was—Miss Boyle was not quite prepared to write about one of the major catastrophes of human history. What she has put down is a series of notes that can help her to a clearer understanding of this catastrophe and herself. But they are too special and too close to illuminate very widely an experience which is now all humanity's.

HELEN CLARE NELSON.

Lumber as a Weapon

NAZIS IN THE WOODPILE, *by Egon Glesinger. Bobbs Merrill. $2.*

THIS volume is a partly successful attempt to expose (1) the importance of wood as a raw material, (2) the tremendous use the Nazis have made of it, (3) the crooked international machinations of the Nazis to gain control of the forest lands of Europe and the world. The author, who comes from a family of central European lumber barons, has been secretary-general of the Comite Internationale de Bois, the well known international organization of lumber interests.

Mr. Glesinger stresses the growing importance of wood as a raw material for producing such diverse commodities as cattle fodder, sugar, wool and silk fiber substitutes, plastics, and wood-gas fuel. It is useful to call attention to this. But at the same time, the author ignores the importance of other raw materials and even makes the exaggerated and unsubstantiated claim that the Nazis have "based their hopes of world conquest on this one basic resource." Moreover, with a kind of hidden admiration, he overstates Nazi achievements in wood chemistry, and fails to take into account that as late as May 1941, for example, a leading German technical journal complained that practically all the lignin, which makes up one-third of the wood, was still not being utilized.

The main value of the book lies in its presentation of much previously unpublished information on the interrelation of Nazi politics and Nazi business methods. In this respect, it is fitting that Douglas Miller, the author of *You Can't Do Business With Hitler,* should have written the foreword.

Despite his tendency to give currency to moth-eaten misconceptions regarding the Soviet Union, Mr. Glesinger does submit evidence that the USSR was the most militant member of the Comite Internationale de Bois in seeking to build up a world alliance against Hitler, while the Finns acted as Nazi henchmen. He also admits that the widespread anti-Soviet propaganda of 1930-1932—to the effect that the Russians were dumping their forest products in order to wreck the economy of capitalist countries—was based on lies and was insidiously furthered by the Nazi Party, a subterfuge to cover up its own imperialist aims.

It is also useful to remind the world at this time that the Nazis used all sorts of devious techniques to cheat foreign lumber concerns and to train fifth columnists for the forestry services of other countries. Once in power, the Nazis began to plunder and overcut the German forests, and they are now doing the same thing in the various occupied lands.

The book ends with a call for united action against the Nazis. But to the author the conflict is essentially one over world wood-control summarized under the slogan "Berlin or Washington." He does not envisage a world of free peoples cooperating to administer the forest and wood industries, as well as other economic resources, for the benefit of mankind.

PAUL ROSAS.

Brief Review

JULIE MORROW, *by Sophia Engstrand. Dial. $2.50.*

MISS ENGSTRAND'S book claims to be a study of the life of a private social worker, but actually it is the same old hackneyed tale of a restless wife and her restless husband. Julie is not so much perturbed by the misery she sees in her daily case work visits to the poor of Chicago as she is by the fear that at thirty-five she might have lost "it."

Lacking any consciousness of world or even municipal problems, her only interest is in the realm of emotion. Her emotion has consisted entirely of a love for her children and her husband, Will, a city relief investigator. But when we find her she is being assailed by doubts and the reader is not overwhelmed with surprise when Julie falls into the arms of a charming French refugee doctor.

Meanwhile Will, whose main interest in life is to get a higher salary than Julie's to "assert his manhood," goes on his own little deviation from home and family. He justifies it, as does the author, however, on the purest motives—he is sleeping his way to a promotion, which will make Julie love and respect him more. Of course all ends happily, with the family united once more and Will successful in his promotion. But the family reunion comes only after Mrs. Engstrand has taken a few cracks at the iniquities of public relief as opposed to the perfections of private case work and private charity agencies—thus adding a reactionary touch to a superficial, over-worked subject.

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THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

Constantine Simonov's play on Broadway depicts the glory of the Soviet fight. "Faithful to the basic qualities of the plain people with whom he has actually lived. . . ." What confounded the critics.

THE maps in the morning paper show tiny arrows pointed at swastikas, converging, encircling, moving forward inexorably along a front so vast that the imagination is stunned. But the deepest truth of the war is not in the arrows, and it is not in the scores of new place names or the staggering military statistics. The meaning of the war, its drama and its glory, is in the people. It is the high function of art to exalt this truth by burning into our minds the living images of suffering and heroism, of fascist degradation and humanity's unconquerable will to survive in freedom and happiness. And this function is brilliantly fulfilled in Constantine Simonov's moving and illuminating play, *The Russian People,* which the Theater Guild is presenting in an American acting version by Clifford Odets.

No single play or novel or poem can completely portray, in its many-sided totality, the epic grandeur of the Russian fight: this is the collective task of a whole body of literature which the war is producing and which generations of Soviet writers will enrich. Indeed, Simonov, with that wonderful simplicity and modesty which permeate the play, has deliberately avoided an over-enlargement of his theme either through symbols or rhetoric. No titans bestride his stage. He has depicted only a handful of individuals in a microcosmic sector of the giant front. And he has striven, above all, to be faithful to the basic qualities of the plain people with whom he has actually lived, worked, and fought as a soldier and war correspondent.

Yet he has written with such simple truth and power about essential things that the play speaks with equal authority in a hundred Soviet theaters, whether in the farflung cities or at the fronts under fire. With such simple truth and power that in distant, unbombed New York *The Russian People* brings the war's meaning infinitely closer to us than any native play has so far been able to do. This production becomes not only a great artistic symbol of American-Soviet friendship, but an authentic medium for deepening our firsthand consciousness of the war and our firsthand participation in it.

THE nine scenes of the play alternate between a small detachment of Soviet troops, cut off from the main body, and the German-occupied town across the river. The youthful Captain Safonov, suddenly thrust into a position of independent command, improvises a staff consisting of Vasin, a former czarist officer of the vicinity, who proudly takes up arms once again to drive out the Germans; the poet-correspondent Panin, who must rise to his stern responsibilities as chief Intelligence officer; the surgeon's assistant Globa, whose nonchalance hardly conceals a brave and utterly devoted heart; the girl truckdriver Valya, who swims across the river to establish contact with the guerrillas in the home of Captain Safonov's mother. In the town the Germans have made a Russian traitor, Kharitonov, their puppet mayor. They have another informer in Kozlovsky, who actually worms his way into the Soviet detachment as a spy. The Nazis pillage and rape; they brutally murder women and children, including Safonov's mother and the "mayor" Kharitonov's wife, who has succeeded in poisoning the sadistic Nazi officer Rosenberg. At first the Soviet plan is to blow up the bridge across the river, but this is changed at the last moment to permit the crossing of a large Red Army unit that has come to relieve Safonov's group and liberate the village.

This is a play of many moods, ranging from playfulness to fierce determination, but the dominant mood is lyrical. For Simonov has written with fervent love of people whose humanism, far from being effaced, rises to new heights of comradeship and understanding in the very midst of war, at the same time that their wrath against the despoiling beast grows more furious. The fascist poet Marinetti once growled that "War is beauty because it commences the metallization of man." The Russian people whom Simonov celebrates are the antithesis of fascism's metallized men. They are proudly and defiantly human. Prepared to die at any moment, they affirm life passionately, and it is because they are in love with life, it is because they are builders, that they will fight the destroyers unto death.

Freda Weinzweig

And they are integrated people, a fact which appears to have upset some newspaper reviewers so badly that they fumbled the whole point of the play. Louis Kronenberger of *PM,* for instance, was moved to declare that "the theater has its own laws and its own language." According to these autonomous "laws," characters must not have their minds made up at the beginning of a play. Conflict on our stage has been understood almost exclusively in terms of indecision, vacillation, the torment of a soul at odds either with its environment or itself. We are accustomed to think of confusion and its resolution as the essence of drama. And this is no doubt sound if we are dealing with confused characters.

But Simonov's play breaks this law because his people in real life have broken it. The play does not culminate in a decision to fight with every ounce of strength. That decision has already been made, unalterably. To look for dramatic development in this quarter would therefore be nonsensical. The "flame" which Mr. Kronenberger finds so disappointingly missing is not to be found in any sudden rushes of emotion or in tautness of character. It is to be found in unspoken solidarity of the Soviet characters who, despite their quite different temperaments, act with deeply mutual confidence and understanding. It is to be found in their many-sidedness. For contrary to another theatrical statute, basic clarity and inflexibility of will do not result in narrow characterization. As Clifford Odets acutely observes, "Simonov has caught the sense of the total personality going to war—which is completely the Russian way."

This accounts for the versatility of mood in such a character as Captain Safonov, who, when action is demanded, is quick, decisive, a miracle of concentrated will and resourcefulness, and who at other moments is a dreamer quoting Lermontov and looking forward

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eagerly to the moment when he can again walk with his girl on the beach. Safonov loves Valya deeply, yet he sends her, without heroics or breast-beatings, to almost certain death because she is the best person to cross the river. And Valya too can alternate, as Globa puts it, between temper and tears, just as the shy writer, Panin, can be tough in dealing with the spy. This many-sidedness produces a dramatic tonality that is at once sternly realistic and expressively romantic: another law defied.

There is, to be sure, a certain unevenness in the dramatic value of the various scenes. The first act, by contrast with the others, is slow, expository, though it has been considerably heightened since the opening night. The most intense scene takes place in the "mayor" Kahritonov's house, where in one moment we see two worlds in blazing conflict: the traitor becomes a cringing coward, horrible in his loss of manhood; the pathological Rosenberg and the systematic murderer Werner define two basic aspects of Nazism; and the two Russian women achieve tremendous dignity and grandeur as they defiantly go to their death. What a contrast to another moment in which the spy Kozlovsky squeals like a stuck pig as he is marched out to be hanged!

The Theater Guild production, thoughtfully directed by Harold Clurman, effectively communicates both the horror of German invasion and the heroism of Russian resistance. There are a few minor weaknesses that could easily be corrected. For example, Odets has admirably transposed the script into the color and idiom of American speech, so that for once we see in dramatic terms what Quentin Reynolds felt when he compared the Russians to the people of our own Midwest; but at moments he has fallen into localisms that jar, as in Globa's "Could be, could be," so that the audience becomes self-consciously aware, as it should not, that this is an "American" acting version. Leon Ames properly stresses the youthful, exuberant qualities of his Captain Safonov, but in the first act particularly he is over-casual and at times too boyish. Elisabeth Fraser as Valya suggests her romantic qualities; but in the opening scene she is too high-strung, almost jittery. Luther Adler is a convincing Globa. But the most moving performances, I felt, were those of Eleonora Mendelssohn as Maria Kharitonova, the "mayor's" wife, Margaret Waller as Martha Safonova.

Simonov told Director Stanitsyo of the Moscow Art Theater that "If my play is acted in such a way that it does not call for revenge, then it is not serving its purpose." The production at the Guild Theater does evoke hatred for the Nazis and a deep love for the Russian people. It does call for revenge, in the spirit of Captain Safonov after listening to a speech of Stalin: "When I listened to this speech Stalin's words sounded in my ears in a confused jumble. But in this confusion, instead of the actual words Stalin spoke I heard for myself: Stand, Safonov! Not a step back! Die, but stand! Fight, but stand! Suffer ten wounds, but stand!" No words could better define the essence of the Russian people whom Simonov has glowingly described in his play. SAMUEL SILLEN.

Contrived Theater

"Proof Thro' the Night" is hokum melodrama. . . . "Flare Path."

HERALDED by loud advance publicity from the West Coast, *Proof Thro' the Night* (formerly known as *Cry Havoc*) turns out to be a dud on Broadway. And there's reason to believe it never was much of anything to begin with. For what was seen on the stage of the Morosco gave every evidence of being a thoroughly contrived job, calculated to cash in on the heroism of our nurses on Bataan.

The situation implicit in a group of civilian volunteer women caught in the maelstrom of war, of a group of perfectly normal women confronted for the first time by unbearable tension, blood, and death in its most horrible forms, might have offered a high-souled and imperishable statement of the determination of our people to continue fighting for freedom in the face of insuperable odds. *Proof Thro' the Night,* however, achieved no more than the level of a Grade B motion picture, translated into theatrical terminology.

For it is in the "best" tradition of hokum melodrama to place a carefully selected group of readily identified types against a violent background of action. Type 1: the incredibly stupid individual, always good for a laugh. Type 2: the one who always comes unhinged by the horror of war and wanders moodily (or hysterically) around the stage. Type Situation A: the phony antagonism that is whipped up, but always ends in much outpouring of the soul, and hearty, if bashful, handshaking. Type Situation B: the Unsuspected Spy. These are not the real people who fought at Bataan; they are not the real people who fought anywhere. They are the stock characters of an indifferent playwright.

But *Proof* has a "message." It is couched in the still familiar, jingoistic terms of hatred for the "bandy-legged little brown men," the "Japansies." Its only serious statement is garbled by the author's uncertainty as to what he wants to say. It comes in a deliberately concocted climax when the volunteer-nurse-Nazi-spy holds the others at bay with a pistol and delivers herself of some of the corniest speeches ever heard outside a third-rate comic strip. Among them there is: "Your effete democracies can produce only strikes and labor racketeers and more strikes, and in consequence we, the highly organized Nazi state, will conquer you." The instinct is for denial or rebuttal. Instead, the best the American characters can offer is something to the effect that the Nazi state breeds men like machines, that that is the German way, and that "this time we'll do the job right."

Mr. Kenward's direction of his play is erratic, artificial, and of a piece with the artificiality of his plot. JAY WILLIAMS.

★

WHEN you see a play like *Flare Path* (or last season's *RAF,* or any of the others like it), you wonder how in the world that organization of magnificent pilots ever managed to beat off the *Luftwaffe* in the Battle of Britain, 1940. For *Flare Path,* like its predecessors, gives us a most peculiar picture of the young men who, as Winston Churchill said, are "owed so much by so many." (That isn't exactly the way he said it, but the idea is there.)

In *Flare Path* most of the play's running time is taken up with a running battle—but not between the RAF and the Nazis. No. Between Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham and Peter Kyle (movie star) over the affections of Patricia Graham, Teddy's wife. She had married the pilot on the rebound from the

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your gunmetal, gold or silver
to the Russian soldier,
the soldier who has no watches
to tell what the time is
while saving his land
and aiding our land
and all the United Nations.

Is he another minute man?

Yes, and a split second man
who has to attack the Hun
not a pulse too soon
and move in a single wave
from birth to grave
and sky to earth,
the Red Army one
from sea to sea,
the watches of all humanity.

And what does the hero do
when our watches arrive?

Well, he'll be able to say—
"Good, this comes from America,
My brother in America,
My sister in America.
My father and mother and all the sons
Of liberty now and evermore."

And this will be the time to him,
Our time and his!

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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llicit couch of Peter Kyle. And when Peter showed up again, even though he was so much older than her brave young husband, he apparently had something that she wanted.

For my part, I never believed for a moment that Patricia Graham cared a tuppence either for her husband or for her former lover. Part of that was the playwright's fault, but most of it was the fault of Miss Nancy Kelly, screen star. The balance of the play, however, was definitely not Miss Kelly's fault, but can be laid at the door of Terrence Rattigan, who wrote the play. Mr. Rattigan undoubtedly knows his RAF. All the flying terminology is there; the facts seem straight. Super-added are a Polish count, who is, incidentally, portrayed in a most chauvinistic manner; the count's British barmaid wife; a hotel keeper, a Cockney rear-gunner, a non-flying squadron leader. The war goes on offstage, while Flight Lieut. Graham wins his wife away from her middle-aged lover by a most un-RAF display of the jitters.

Not until Mr. Rattigan learns what this war is all about will we get a play from him that reveals the war in its true colors.

A. B.

Crowds in the Rain

They waited on Broadway, ten deep, for a movie. Hollywood's opportunity.

AT THIS writing, the season of celebration is upon us. The box-office girls of the metropolitan movie houses are working in relays, till they collapse, and have to be revived by pulmotors. In the blinding, insistent, miserable gray rain of a Wednesday morning, this reviewer struggled out to get a look at the holiday season's films. It was cold and unimaginably wet, and the virus of influenza was abroad in the land. Just such a day, one would think, as would keep pleasure-seekers indoors.

Yet outside the Roxy the crowd was ten deep, and I saw nothing more of *The Black Swan* than a poster of Tyrone Power, in piratical undress, sneaking up on a girl much as my tomcat sneaks up on a hamburger. At the Paramount, which goes in for jitterbug music, what seemed the entire population of New York's high schools was jittering outside in the rain. Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* had attracted hundreds who also served by only standing and waiting. But the biggest jam was at the Radio City Music Hall, where all the out-of-town visitors go. Something over a thousand people were lined up along the block between Sixth and Fifth Avenues. A dozen or so policemen were strung out along the line to keep it in order; but the crowd waited quite passively, their umbrellas dripping down each other's necks. In an hour or two they could hope to reach the box-office; after that they would have another hour of waiting for seats. They were not school-children, but, for the most part, men and women of all ages.

This reviewer has come to take her movies with a certain professional casualness; so it was a shock to realize that great numbers of adults want movies so badly that they will court pneumonia and endure considerable physical discomfort to get one. Such things reveal the enormous and serious power of the film in our national life. There are only about three other things that people will queue up for—vital information, food, and jobs. Entertainment, especially in a time of war and nervous strain, is equally a necessity; and anyone who takes advantage of that crowd's enormous hunger to feed it inferior films is as guilty as the man would be who sold chaff instead of wheat.

What that wet and harried crowd wanted was recreation, rebuilding. It would have liked to come out of the movie houses stronger and better able to fight, through having learned something; and some films could do that for it. The crowd would have liked to come out stronger through intense emotional experience, through the sight of beautiful things, through a peaceful moment in a child's fairytale. There are films to fill all these needs. But there are also films which fill none of them, which send people home grumbling about the waste of money; and if they come back the week after, it is because they have been made almost childishly dependent on ready-made entertainment by the exhaustion of lives which leave them no energy to entertain themselves. Hollywood's function is to do for a nation at war what the nation cannot do for itself—to send it back to the war industries and the ships with new vitality. Any time a producer is tempted to peddle a few odds and ends of inferior film that are knocking around, he ought to go out in the rain and take a look at that crowd.

CANADA has been producing a series of war shorts called *The World in Action,* which are equal if not superior to our own and England's. *Fighting Freighters,* one of the most recent of these, is a magnificent answer to the reactionary sniping at our merchant seamen. Its remarkable shots are all scenes of real action; some have been filmed on merchant freighters, some on convoy cruisers, some by the enemy submarines—from whom they have been captured. There are German films of submarine building and drilling and raiding; British bombing shots from Danzig and Bremen and Kiel, closeups of the seamen on the heroic freighters, flashes of shipbuilding along the coasts of America. All this is brilliantly combined into a coherent narrative, reenforced with a direct and dramatic commentary. To quote: "Nobody cheers when the merchant seaman parades. He's a Limey from Liverpool, a deckhand out of Bridgeport, a donkeyman from Maple Creek, a fireman from Port of Spain, yet he carries in his hands the fate of fighting men on fronts across the world. . . ."

And again: "It may be three weeks before United Nations seamen sight land, or six or never. They have had ships shot from under them; they have been dragged from oil flam-

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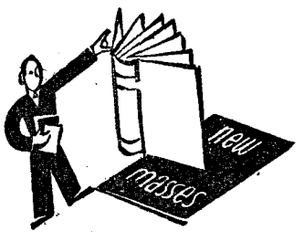

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ing on the sea. They see the horrors as well as wonders of the deep. They don't get medals or prize money. They are the unofficial heroes of World War II."

"FLYING FORTRESSES," let us hope, is the last war film of *that* kind we will have to see. A few showy airplane shots are the excuse for stringing together chunks of several familiar film plots, all incompatible with each other. What starts as a story of injury and revenge and rehabilitation suddenly gives a wriggle and becomes a four-sided love affair, with the world's worst actors on the four corners. The fortress ferry-pilots crossed the Atlantic in ten seconds of screen time. They promptly went to a night club in London—half an hour of screen time. And I went out—a split second, my time. The nearest thing to a bright moment turned up when a humorous Englishman kidded a quite humorless Irish-American—a startling reversal of ordinary film procedure.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Folk Opera

"The Village Barber" by Johann Schenk —humorous and charming.

A CHARMING little curtain raiser was presented recently by the Columbia Theater Associates at Brander Matthews Hall, Columbia University. It was the one-act operetta or rather *Singspiel,* titled *The Village Barber,* composed in 1796 by Johann Schenk. Born in Vienna of poor parents, Schenk managed to get a music education and in order to be independent of the gracious whims of the nobility, he (like Beethoven) made his living mainly by giving music lessons. His historic importance lies in the fact that outside of symphonies and chamber works, he wrote between 1785 and 1802 the music for a large number of humorous folk operas of which *The Village Barber* is the most famous (and incidentally the only bit of his music available in this country). Like Mozart's *Magic Flute,* his operas at first were performed only in the lower and middle class suburban theaters. Though never attaining the tragic depths or high solemnity of Mozart and Beethoven, his music is full of vitality, tenderness, and sensitivity and succeeds in achieving one important aim in opera, the delineation of the characters and action in music.

As a good friend of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and as both friend and teacher of Beethoven, who all thought very highly of him, Schenk recognized with rare acumen their outstanding genius. Probably nothing finer has been said of Mozart's achievements and potentialities and of Beethoven's piano improvisations than Schenk's comments in his short ten-page autobiography, the only source of knowledge of him in this country.

The performance of *The Village Barber* as a whole was done with robust enthusiasm. The original libretto by Weidemann, based on a very successful comedy of the day, was

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onsiderably rewritten in English by Edward Lager in a kind of naive and effective doggerel. While the rewritten version is in many ways more humorous than the original text, much of the specific character of the eighteenth century Austrian barber was lost, and the contrast of the serious and the comic, so necessary in every comedy and so sensitively portrayed in the original music, was ignored. And a kind of burlesquing of all the roles by the actors still further tended to turn this folk comedy into a farce to the disadvantage of the more tender and serious parts of the music. Besides, why can't Columbia University afford to supplement the measly seven musicians in the orchestra with sufficient players to do justice to a score which has been so charmingly orchestrated for a full orchestra? For instance, such effects, unique for 1796, as those of a quartet of *muted* horns and trumpets over a flowing bassoon counterpoint in the mock funeral music near the end of the opera were completely lost. And finally, why break up this well constructed one-act work into two acts and fill up the intermission with a good but inappropriate Haydn number?

These performances of *The Village Barber* bring to the forefront the need of some kind of a municipal "opera" house, where with a small ensemble many of the lesser known but important works of the past and present can be heard. And of these works the folk operas of many countries play a significant role. They give a much more intimate insight into the life and music tastes of the *people* than do many of the great operas. Our interest in music today lies not merely in the greatest works of the greatest artists but also in the plays and music produced for, by, and of the people. Only the interrelationship of the two gives us a true understanding of the nature and role of music in the past and present.

PAUL ROSAS.

See You There!

IF YOU expect to attend the Lenin Memorial Meeting on January 11, at Madison Square Garden, you'd better get your seats now. Having played to overflow audiences in the past, the Lenin Memorial meeting is experiencing an even greater demand for tickets this time—what with the dramatic news the Soviet Union is making in the world, and the growing understanding throughout America of the role played in founding the Soviet Union, by a man named V. I. Lenin.

This year's stage presentation, titled *Order of the Day,* is in the hands of Pearl Mullin Productions. Miss Mullin staged several earlier Lenin Memorial presentations, notably *Song About America* and *We Are Invincible.* It is announced that a cast of 100 actors is involved, and that Canada Lee, star of *Native Son,* will appear somewhere on the program.

The principal speaker (and the only one) is Earl Browder.

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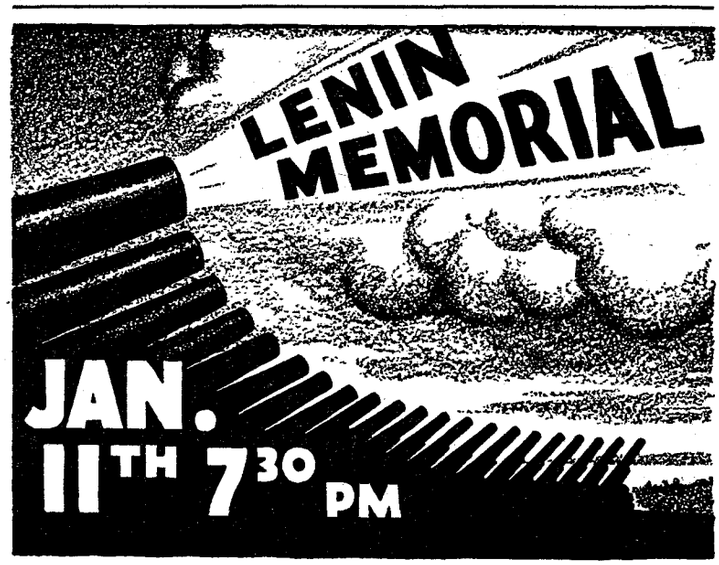

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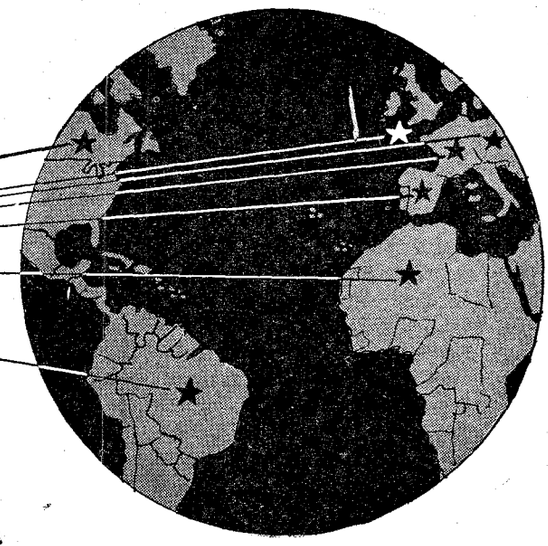

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